collated & perfect. J.K. 1798.

THE FAMILIE OF LOVE.

Acted by the Children of his Majesties Revells.

By Thomas Middleton.

Folly Comedy

1699

At London

Printed for John Helme, and are to be Sold in Saint Dunstans Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

1608.

Cat 2 My 17

To the Reader.

TOo soone and too late, this worke is published: Too soone in that it was in the Presse, before I had notice of it, by which meanes some faults may escape in the Printing. Too late, for that it was not published when the generall voice of the people had sealed it for good, and the newnesse of it made it much more desired, then at this time: For Plaies in this Citie are like wenches new fetcht to the trade, onelie desired of your neateſt gallants, whiles they are fresh: when they grow stale they must be vented by Farmers and Countrie chapmen. I know not how this labor will please, Sure I am it past the censure of the Stage with a generall applause, and (whether vox populi be vox dei or no) that I leane to be tried by the accute iudgements of the famous six wits of the Citie.

Actorum Nomina.

Glister ——— A Doctor of Physicke.
Purge ——— A iealous Pothecarie.
Dryfat ——— A Marchant, brother of the Family.
Gerardine ——— A Louer.
Ippsalue } ——— Two Gallants that only pursue
Guggin } ——— Citty Lechery.
Club ——— A Prentice.
Viall ——— Seruant to Glister.
Smelt and Periwinckle. Pages to the Gallants.

Women. *Mystresse Glister.*

Mistresse Purge ——— An Elder in the Family.
Maria ——— Neece to Glister.

PROLOGVS.

IF for opinion hath not blazd his fame,
Nor expectation filld the generall round,
You deeme his labors slight, you both confound
Your grauer iudgement and his merits.
Impartiall hearing fits iudicious spirits.
Nor let the fruit of many an howre fall,
By enuies tooth, or base detractions gall.
Both which are tokens of such abiect spirits,
Which wanting worth, themselues hate other merits:
Or els of such which are made greate by fame,
Repine at those which seeke attaine the same:
From both we know all quiet iudgements free
To them our muse with blushing modestie
Patiently to her intreats their fauour,

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Actus Primus, ſcena prima.

Enter Doctor Gliſter, his wife, and Maria.

Gliſter. TRickes and ſhowes; proteſtations with men are like teares with weomen, forgot ere the cheeke be drie: *Gerardine* is a gentleman, his Lands be in Statutes: A is not for thee nor thou for him, a is a Gallant, and yong thoughts be moſt vnconſtant.

Ma. Yet yong vines yeeld moſt wine.

Miſt. Gliſt. But old veynes the beſt, beleeue not theſe great breecht gallants, they loue for profit, not for affection, if a brings thee to a fooles paradice, a will forſake thee.

Gliſt. VVhich fortune, God ſend my enemy: Loue is a colde heare, a bitter ſweete, a pleaſure full of paine, a huge loſſe, and no gaine, why ſhouldſt thou loue him onely?

Ma. VVords cannot force what deſtiny hath ſeald,
VVho can reſiſt the influence of his ſtars,
Or giue a reaſon why a loues, or hates
Since our affections are not ruld by will,
But will by our affections. *T*is blaſphemy
Gainſt Loues moſt ſacred deity, to axe
VVhy we do loue, ſince tis his onely power
*T*hat ſwayes all our affections, all things which be
Beaſts, Birds, Men, Gods, pay him their fealty

Gliſter. *T*ut, Loue is an idle phantaſie, bred by deſire, nurſt by delight, An humour that begins his dominion in *Leo* the Lyon, the ſigne of the hart, and ends in *Aries* the Ram, the ſigne of the head, His power is to ſtir the bloud, prickes vp the fleſh, fills all the body with a libidinous humour, and is indeed the ouerture of all Ladies: which to preuent, I haue baniſht *Gerardine* (your dearly beloued) my houſe, and as for you, ſince I

am your gardian by my brothers laſt will, I will ſequeſter you from all other roums in my houſe, ſaue this gallerie, and your vpper Chamber till in diſcretion I ſhall finde it conuenient, to inlarge you.

Ma. My body you may Circumſcribe, confyne
And keepe in bounds: But my vnlimited loue
Extends it ſelfe beyond all Circumſcription.

Mi. Gli. Beleeue me *Maria*, I haue known the natures of diuers of theſe gallants, If they poſſeſſe the vnlimited loue of vs women in neuer ſo ample manner without the ſociety of the body, I know how ſoon their loue vadeth. Yong mens loue is like Iuie, it muſt haue ſomewhat to Cleeue to, or it neuer proſpers. Loue is like faſting daies, but the bodie is like fleſh dayes, and tis our Engliſh gallaunts faſhion, to preferre a morſell of fleſh before all the faſting daies in the whole yeere.

Enter Viall.

Gliſter. The newes with you *Viall?*

Viall. And it like your VVorſhippe, Heers *Club* Maiſter *Purge* the Poticaries Prentice come to inuite you, my Miſtreſſe and miſtreſſe *Maria* to Supper, and to ſee maiſter *Gerardines* Will ſeal'd.

Gli. Tell *Club* my wife & my ſelfe will be there: but *Maria* ſhall not come. *Exit Viall.* There muſt be your ſweet-hearts parting feaſt; now a perceiues no acceſſe to my houſe; a will to ſea. A good riddance, If a returnes not: you forſooth are his heyre; thats not much amiſſe: Yet there may be tricke, I will not bee ouerreacht, Come to your Chamber: where till my returne you ſhall bee in ſafe Cuſtodie.

Maria. O Sillie men! which ſeek to keepe in awe
Womens affections, which can know no lawe.

Exeunt omnes.

Maria ascends.

Scena. 2.

Enter Gerardine, Lipsalue, and Guggin.

Lip. Now by the hornes of Cupids bow, which hath been the bane to many a tall Citizen, I think there be no fyner fooles vnder Heauen, then we men when we are louers. How thou goest Crying vp and downe with thy armes a crosse for a wife, VVhich hadst thou, shee'd crosse both armes heade and hart: Dost not yet know the old saying, A wife brings but two good dayes, That is her wedding day, and death day.

Gug. Beleeue him *Gerardine*? a speakes now gospell, a man may take more wife with one hand, then hee's able to put away with ten G. A wife is such a Crosse, that all married men would most gladly be rid of.

Ger, And yet such to crosse that all batchelers would gladly bee creeping: to prophane not thus the sacred name of loue? You Libertines, who neuer knew the ioyes,
Nor precious thoughts of two consenting harts.

Lip. Didst euer see the true picture of a louer? I can giue thee the *Hieroglophick*. And this it is, A man standing naked, a wench tickling him on the lefte side with a fether and pricking him vnder the right side with a needle. The allegorie as I take, is this; That at the first wee are so ouer-ioyed with obtaining a wife, That we conceite noe heauen like to the firste nightes lodging, And thats the signification of the left side, for wiues alwaies in the night, take the left side place, but in now come to the needle on the right side, that's the day time wherein she commands, Then if she has a certaine thing called Tunge, ten times more sharp then a needle, and that at the least displeasure, A man must haue shotte quite through him.

Guggin. Grammercies *Lipsalue* my neate Courtier, but sirra *Gerrardine* bee thy selfe sociable and free? Leaue not thy natiue soyle for a Giglat, A wench who in her witte is proude.

Lipsalue.

Lyp. In her ſmile deceitfull.

Gog. In her hate reuengeable.

Lip. And in nothing but her death acceptable, Ile tell thee; ther's no creature more deſirous of an honeſt name and *worſe keepes it, then a woman*, Doſt heere, follow this ſong & if euer thou forſake thy Country for a wagtayle, let me be whipt to death with ladies hearelaces.

Gera. Letts heere that worthy ſong Gentill maſter *Lipſalue*.

Lipſ. Obſerue! *Now if I liſt will I loue no more*
Nor longer waite vpon a gill.
Since euery place now yeeldes a wench
If one will not another will;
And if what I haue heard be true
Then young and old, and all will doe.
How doſt thou like this *man*.

Gera. No more no more,
This is the chamber which Confines my loue,
This is the *Abſtract* of the ſpacious world,
VVithin it holds a *Iemme*, ſo ritch ſo rare
That Arte or nature neuer yet could ſet
A valued priſe to her in valued worth.

Lip. Vnvalued worth, ha ha ha! VVhy ſ hees but a woman,
And they are windy turning veins, loue light as chaffe which
Our nouriſhing graynes are winnow'd from them, (when
Vnconſtantly they flye at the leaſt wind of paſſion
A womans eye, can turne it ſelfe with quick dexterity
And in each wanton glaſſe can comprehend
Theyr ſundry fancy ſuted to each fend
tut their loues are all compact of lenitie
euen like themſelues, *Nil mulliere lenius.*

Gog. Tut man euery one knowes their woorth, when they are at a rack rent; *In* the tearm time, they beare as great a priſe as wheat when tranſportations are.

Gera. Peace lets draw nere the window and liſten if we may heare her. *Enter Maria at the window.*

Ma. Debard of liberty! Oh that this fleſh
could like ſwift mouing thoughts tranſſer it ſelfe,

From place to place, vnseen and vndisolued:
Then should no yron ribbes, or Churlish flinte
diuide my loue and mee, *Deer Gerardin*
despight of Chaunce or Gardians Tyranny,
Jde mooue within thy orbe and thou in myne.

Lip. She'd mooue within thy orbe, and thou in hers, blud she
talk bawdy to her selfe; *Guggin stand close;*

Ma. But in vaine do *I* proclaime my greefe,
when ayre and walls can yeeld me no reliefe.

Gug. The walls are the more stony harted then,

Lip. Peace good *Gudgin* gape not so loude.

Ma. Come thou my best companion, thou art sensible
and canst my wrongs reitterate; Thou and *I*,
will make some myrth in spight of Tyranny:
The black brow'd night drawn in her pithie wayne
In starry spangled pride rides now ore heaune
Now is the time when stealing minutes tell
The stole delight ioyd by all faythfull louers
Now louing souls contriue both place & meanes,
for wished pastimes onely I am pent
within the closure of this fatall wall
depriued of all my ioyes.

Ger. My deare Maria be Comforted in this?
the frame of heauen shall sooner sease to moue,
bright *Phebus* Steeds leaue their diurnall race
and all that is forsake their naturall beeing
Ere I forget thy loue.

Ma. Who'es that protestes so fast?

Ger. Thy euer vowed seruant *Gerardine*.

Ma. O By your vows it seemes you'd faine get vp

Lip. I and ryde to.

Ger. I would most lou'd *Maria*.

Ma. I knew it the that to get vp to a fair woman
will stick to vow and swear, may be accounted no man;
but tell me why hast thou chose this hower to visite me?
which nor the day nor night can claym but both
or neyther, why in this twylight camst thou?

Ger.

Ger. T'auoyd suspicious eies, I come deare loue
To take my last farewell, fitting this hower
which nor bright day will clame nor pitchy night
An hower fit to part conioyned soules,
Since that my natiue soyle will not affoord
My wisht and best content, I will forsake it
And proue more strange to it then it to me.
In times swift course all things shall find euent
Bee it good or ill, & destenies do graunt
That most preposterous courses often gaine,
What labor and direct proceedings misse.

Mar. VVo't thou forsake me then?

Ger. Let first blest life forsake me, be constant
My absence may procure thy more enlarge
and then——

Ma. Desires conceit is quick, I apprehend thee
Be thou as loyal, as I constant proue,
And time shall knit our mutuall knit of loue,
VVear this my loues true pledge: *I* need not wish
I know thou wo't returne, or will I say
Thou mayst conceale thy selfe being return'd
till *I* may make escape and visite thee.
I prethe loue attempt not to ascend
my Chamber window by a lathered roper
th'entrance is to narrow except this post
VVhich may with ease, yet that is dangerous
I pre thee do it not I heere some call: Farwell
my constant loue let after [illegible] *Exit Maria.*

Ger. O perfection of women!
A plague of such perfection! How she woes, by negatiues shows

Gug. Thee? what to do? vnder colour of dissuasion

Ger. Shees truely vertuous.

Lip. Tut man [illegible] instance of the inward [illegible] and can soare aloft, but [illegible] like Faulcons from flesh and they soone stoope, to [illegible]

Ger.

Gera. Why then Hugonot women are admirable Angells.

Gugg. But Angels make them admirable diuels.

Gera. My loues chaft ſmile to all the world doth ſpeake hir ſpotles innocence.

Lipſalue. Womens ſmiles are more of cuſtome then of curteſy, women are creatures, their hearts and they are full of holes, apte to receiue but not retaine affection; Thou wilt to morrow thou ſaiſt be gone, if thou wilt know the worſt of a Cuntries marrie before thou goeſt, for if thou canſt indure a curſt wife, neuer care what company thou comeſt in.

Gerar. Come merry gallants, will you aſſociate me to my Couſin *Purges* the Potticaries, and take part of my parting feaſts to night.

Gug. O his wife is of the family of Loue, Ile thither, perhaps I may proue of the Fraternity in time, weele thither thats flat.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. 1, Scena. 3.

Enter Miſtriſſe Purge Sola.

What *Club*, *Club*, is *Club* within there. *Enter Club.*

Club. Miſtriſſe.

Miſt. Purge. I pray what ſaid Maſter *Doctor Gliſter*, will a come.

Club. A ſent word a would, for a was but to carry a diet to one of his pacients; what call you hir, ſhe that paints a day times, and lookes faire and freſhe, on the outſide, but in the night time is filthier then the inſide of Bocardo, and is indeed far more vnſauory that know her forſooth.

Miſt. Pur. Went a to hir.

Club. A had a receipt for the Grincomes in his hand, and a ſaid a would take that in his way.

Miſt. Pur. Tis well, and what gueſt beſides him & his wife will be here at ſupper.

Club. The firſt in my Account is Maſter *Gerarine* your cou-

sin: Master Doctor *Glister* and his wife : Master *Drisac* the Marchant, Master *Lipsalue* the Courtier, Master *Guggin* the gallant, and their pages. These I take will be your full number.

Mi. Pur. Then belike my roome shall be stuft with Courtiers and gallants to night: of all men I loue not these gallants, they'le prate much but do little, they are people most vncertaine. They vse great words, but little sence; great Beards, but little wit: Great breeches but no mony.

Club. That was the last thing they swore away.

Mi. Pur. Belike they cannot fetch it againe with swearing, for if they could, there not a page of theirs, but wod be as rich as a monarch.

Club. Ther's nothing mistrisse that is sworne out of date, that returnes; their first oath in times past was by the Masse: And that they haue sworne quite away: Then came they to their Fayth, as by my Faith t'is so : That in a short tyme was sworn away too; For no man beleeues now more then a sees. Then they swore by their honesties, and that mistrisse you know is sworne quite away : After their honestyes was gone, then came they to their Gentilitie, and swore, as they were Gentlemen : and their Gentilitie they swore awaye so fast, that they had almost sworne away all the Auncient Gentrie out of the Land, which indeede are scarce mist: for that Yeomen and Farmars Sonnes, with the helpe of a few welchmen, haue vndertooke to supplie their places. That at the last they came to Siluer; and their Oath was, by the Crosse of this siluer, and swore so fast vppon that, that now they haue scarce left them a Crosse for to Sweare by.

Mist. Purge. And what do they sweare by now their mony is gone.

Club. VVhy by( )and God refuse them.

Mist. Pur. And can they not as well say men refuse them, as God refuse them.

Club. No mistrisse, for men, especially Cittizens and riche men.

men, haue refused them their bonds and protestations all-ready.

Enter Master Purge.

Mistresse Pur. 'Tis well, see how supper goes forward, and that my shooes be very well blackt, against I goe to the Familye. *Exit Club.*

Now sweet Chick, where hast thou beene, in troth law I am not well, I had thought to haue spent the morning at the Family, but now I am resolued to take pills, and therefore I prey thee desire Doctor *Glister* that a wud minister to me, in the morning.

Mast. Pur. Thy will is known, and this for answer say,
'Tis fit that wisemen should their wiues obay.
And now sweete duck know, I haue beene for my cousin *Gerardines* Will and haue it, a has giuen thee a legacy, but the totall is *Marias*.

Enter Master Glister, Master Dryfat, and Mistresse Glister.

Master Doctour, your wife and master *Dryfat* are most welcome, now were my cousin *Gerardine* & Master *Lipsalue* here, our number were complete.

Do. Glist. Is this franticke Will done, will master *Gerardine* to sea, let me tell you I am no whit sorry, let such as will be headstrong bite on the bridle.

Ma. Purge. 'Tis here master Doctor, all his worth is *Marias* and lockt in a trunke, which by to morrow *Sun*, shall be deliuered to your custody.

Dry. Me thinks t'were a reasonable match to bestow your Neece on master *Gerardine*: A is a most hopefull gentleman, and his reuenue such, that hauing your Neeces portion to clere it of all incombraunces, t'will maintaine them both in a very worthy degree.

Doctor Glist. Tut, you are master *Dryfats* the *M*archant, your skill is greater in Connyskins and Wollpacks, then in Gentlemen, his Lands be in Statutes, you marchants were wont to bee *M*archaunt staplers, but nowe Gentlemen haue gotten vppe the trade, for there is not one

gentleman amongſt twenty but his land be ingagd in twenty Statutes ſtaple.

Enter Lipſalue, Gerardine and Guggin.

Lipſalue. Let euery man his humour haue, I do at none repine,

J neuer regard whoſe wenche J kiſſe, nor who doth the like by mine:

Th'indifferent minds I hold ſtill beſt, what euer does befall,

For ſhe that will doe with me and thee, will be a wenche for all; and how goes the ſquares.

Ma. Pur. Your ſtay gentleman does wrong to a great many of good ſtomacks, your ſuppers expect you.

Guggin. And we our ſuppers. *Dect.* And from what good exerciſe come you three.

Gera. From a play, where we ſaw moſt excellent *Sampſon* excell the whole world in gate carrying.

Dry. Was it performed by the youths.

Lypſal. By youths: why I tell thee we ſawe *Sampſon*, and J hope it is not for youths to play *Sampſon*: Beleeue it we ſawe *Sampſon* beare the Towne gates on his necke, from the lower to the vppet ſtage, with that life and admirable accord, that it ſhall neuer be equalled (vnleſſe the whole new liuery of Porters ſet their ſhoulders)

Miſt. Pur. Fie fie, tis pitty young Gentlemen can beſtow their time no better, This playing is not lawfull, for I cannot finde that either playes or players were allowed in the prime Church of *Epheſus* by the Elders.

Dry. Aha, I thinke ſhe tickl'de you there.

Ma. Purge. Couſen *Gerardine*, ſhall the Will be read before ſupper?

Gera. Before ſupper I beſeech you.

Lyp. J, I, before ſupper, for when theſe womens bellies be ful their bones will be ſoone at reſt.

Dry. Well Maſter Doctor *Pittie* the ſtate of a poore gentleman it is in you to ſtay his iourney, and make him & your ſelf happy in his choice.

Guſſ

Glist. Hold you content, shall this Will be read?

Ma. Purge. It shall, reade you good Master *Lipsalue.*

Lyp. Command silence then.

Gug. Silence.

Lyp. In the name of God Amen. Know all men by these presence, that I *Gerardine* being strong of body, and perfect in sence,

Dry. Thats false, thers no louer in his perfect sence.

Gug. Peace *Dryfat.*

Lypsal. Doe giue and graunt to *Maria Glisters* Daughter of *Iohn Gloster*, and Neece to Doctor *Glisters* Physition, all my leases, lands, Chattels, goods and moueables whatsoeuer. This is starke naught, you cannot giue away your moueables, for Mistris Doctor and Mistris *Purge*, claime both shares in your moueables by reason of their legacies.

Dry. Thats true, for their legacies must goe out of your moueables.

Lyp. I put it in all my moueables, these following Legacies being paide.

Gerar. Doe so good Master *Lypsalue.*

Lyp. Tis done.

Mist. Purge. I pray reade onely the Legacies, for Supper staies.

Lyp. Well, the Legacies, first I giue to my Cousin Mistresse *Purge* A fayre large standing, whats this, O Cup, A fayre large standing cup, with a close stoole.

Dry. Tis not so, tis not so.

Lyp. I cry you mercy, a close couer tis. To mistris Doctor I giue a fayre Bodkin of gold, with two orient Pearles attending the same: All which are in my Trunke to be deliuered to the keeping of *Maria*, In witnesse, &c. Is this your VVill?

Gerar. Tis.

Lip. To it with your hand and seale.

Mist. Purge. How is it Chicke, I must haue the standing Cup, and mistris *Gloster* the bodkin.

Mast. Purge. Right sweet Duck.

Gerar. I pray gentlemen put to your hands.

Dry. Come, your fists Gentlemen your fists.

Gerar. mistrisse *Glister*, I haue found you alwaies more flexible to vnderstand the estate of a poore gentleman, then your husband was willing, therefore I haue thought it a poynt of charity to reueale the wrongs you sustained by your husbands looseues. Let me tell you in priuate, that the Doctor cuckolds *Purge* oftener then he visits one of his pacients: what a spares from you, a spends lauishly on hir: These Pothicaries are a kind of panders, looke to it, if a keepe *Maria* long close, it is for some lasciuious end of his owne.

Mr. Gli. She is his Neece.

Ger. Tut, these *Doctours* haue tricks, your niceues is such, that you can endure no polluted showes in your house, take heede least a make you a Bawde before your tyme, looke to it.

Lipsalue. Come, our hands are testimonies to thy follyes, shall's now to supper, wee'l haue a health goe round to thy voyage.

Gud. I and to all that forsweare mariage, and can be content with other mens wiues.

Ger. Of which consort you two are grounds, one touches the Base, and the other tickles the minikin.
But to our cheare, come gentles let's away,
The Roastmeat's in consumption by our stay.

Exeunt.

Finis Act. Primi.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Actus Secundus, scena prima.

Enter Maister Purge.

THe gray ey'd morning Braues me to my face, and calls me sluggard, tis tyme for Tradesmen to be in their shops

ſhoppes, for he that tends well his ſhop, and hath an alluring wife, with a graceſull *what do Lacke*, ſhall be ſure to haue good dooings, and good doings is that, that crownes ſo many Cittizens, with the hornes of aboundance. *My* wife (by ordinary courſe) ſhould this morning haue been at the Family, but now her ſoft *Pillow* hath giuen her counſell to keepe her bed, Maſter Doctor ſhould (indeed) miniſter to her: to whoſe pills ſhe is ſo much accuſtomed, that now her body looks for them as duely, as the Moone ſhakes off the ould, and borrowes new hornes, I ſmile to my ſelfe to heare our Knights and gallants ſay, howe they gull vs Cittizens; when indeede wee gull them, or rather, they gull themſelues: Here they come (in Terme tyme) thyer Chambers, and perhaps kiſſe our wyues: Well: what looſe I by that: Gods bleſſing on's heart I ſay ſtill, that makes much of my wife, for they were very hard fauoured, that none could find in's heart to loue but our ſelues. *Drugs* would be dog cheape but for my priuate well practized doctor, and ſuch cuſtomers. Tut, iealouſie is a hell, and they that will thriue, muſt vtter their wares as they can, and winke at ſmall faults.

Enter Doctor Gliſter.

Gliſt. The tedious night is paſt, and the iocond morne lookes more liuely and freſh, then an ouide gentlewomans glazd face in a new perriwigge; By this time my humorous louer is at Grauesend, and I goe with more ioye to fetche his truncke, than euer the valiaunt *Troianes* did to drawe in the Grecian lade, his goods ſhall into the walls of my *Troy*, and be offer'd to a face more liuely, then euer was that thrice raviſht *Helen*, yet with ſuch Caution, that no daunger ſhall happen to me.

Lypſalue and Gudgin at ſeuerall doores, with their Pages, Shrimpe and Periwinde.

Gud. Maſter *Lipſalue*, welcome within ken, we two are ſo nearly linkt, that if thou beeſt abſent but one two houres, thy acquaintance growes almoſt mouldy in my memory.

Lip.

Lip. And then fly blowne in mine how dost thou doe.

Shrew. Fellow page, I thinke our acquaintance runs low to, but if it run not o' the lees, lets set it a tyle, and giue 'hem some dregs to their mouldy flye blowne complements.

Peri. No rather lets pierce the Rundlets of our running heads and giue 'hem a neate cuppe of wagsh Ippe, to put downe their Courtship.

Shr. Courtship, Cartship: for the tongues of Complementers runne on wheeles: but marke 'hem they ha' not done yet.

Gud. And yfaith how yst: me thinkes thou hast been a long vagrant.

Lip. The Rogation hath been long indeed: therefore we may salute as ceremoniously as Lawyers when they meete after a long vacation, who to renew the discontinud state Tale, they stretch it out with such length, that whilst they greete before, their Clyents kisse them behind.

Shr. If his nose were put i' the remainder of that state Tale, he would say twere an vnsauory one.

Peri. I wonder why many men gird so at the Law.

Shr. Ile tell thee, because they themselues haue neither Law nor conscience.

Gud. But what newes now? how stands the state of things at Brussels.

Lip. Faith weake and limber, weake and lymber: nothing but pride and double dealing, vertue is vices lacky, beggars suck like horseleaches at the hart of bounty, and loues the same so tyerd and spurgald, that he can be no longer ridden with honesty.

Gud. Well fare the City yet: there vertue rides a cockhorsse cherisht and kept warme in good sables, and Fox furre, and with the breath of his nostrills, driues pride and couetousnes before him, like's owne shaddow: beggers haue whipping cheare, bounty obliges men too't, giues mony for Scrips and Scrolls, & liberality seald with strong Armes and Herauldry, to out liue mortality: loue there wil see the last man borne, neuer giue ouer while ther's an Arrow i' th Quiuer.

Lip.

Lip. Now we talke of loue, I do know not far hence so good a subiect for that humor, that if she would weare but the standing collor, and her things in fashion, our Ladies in the Court were but browne sugarcandy, as grosse as grocery to her.

Gud. She is not so sweet as a potticaries shop is she?

Lip. A plague on you, ha you so good a sent for my life hee's my Rituall.

Gudgin. Her Name begins with mistrisse *Purge* dus it not?

Lip. True, the only commet of the City.

Gud. I, if she would let her Ruffes streame out a little wider; but I am sure she is ominous to me, she makes ciuill wars and insurrections in the state of my stomach: I had thought to haue bound my self from loue, but hir purging comfets makes me loose body'd still.

Lip. What has she minister'd to thee then?

Gud. Faith some Lectuary or so.

Lipsalue. I, I feare she takes too much of that Lectuary to stoope to loue, it keeps her body soluble from sinne, she is not troubled with carnall crudities, nor the binding of the flesh.

Gud. Thou hast sounded her then belike.

Lypsalue. Not I: I am too shallow to sound her, shee's out of my Element, if I shew passion, and discourse of loue to hir, shee tells me I am wide from the right scope, she sayes she has an other Obiect, and aymes at a better Loue then myne.

Gud. O thats her husband.

Lip. No, no, she speakes pure deuotion, shees impenitrable, no gold, or Oratory, no vertue in hearbs, nor no phyfick will make her loue.

Gudgin. More is the pitty I saye, that fayre weomen should prooue Saintes, before Age had made them crooked: Tis my lucke to be croft still, but I must not giue ouer the chase.

Lip. Come hither boy while I thinke on't.

Lipsalue and Shrimpe conferre.

Gud. Faith friend *Lipsalue* I perceiue you would faine play with my loue, a pure creature tis, for whom I haue sought euery Angle of my braine: but either she scornes Courtiers (as most of them doe, because they are giuen to boast of their doings) or els shee's exceeding straight lac'd therefore to preuent this smell smock, Ile to my friend Doctor *Glister*, (a man exquisite in th'Arte magicke) who hath tould me of many rare experimentes auaylable in this case: Farewell friend *Lipsalue*,

Exit Gud. and Perwinde.

Lip. Adieu honest *Gregorie*, frequent my lodging, I haue a Violl de Gambo and good *Tobacco*: Thou wilt doe this feate boy?

Shr. Else knocke my head and my pate together,

Exit Shrimpe.

Lip. Away then bid him bring his measure with him: *Gerardine* is trauel'd, and I must needs be cast into his mould: my flesh growes proude; and *Maria* a sweet wench, &c. But yet I must not let fall my suite with mistrisse *Purge*, least (*Cede vacanti*) my friend *Gudgin* ioyne issue: Ile rather to my learned Doctor for a spell, for I haue a fire in my liuer, burnes like Hell.

Exit.

Enter Mistrisse Glister and Maria.

Mist. Glist. I pray lets haue no polluted feete nor Rumatick chaps enter the house, I shall haue my flowre looke more grefie shortly, then one of your Inne of Court dyning Tables: and now to you good Neece I bend my speeche, let me tell you plainly, you are a foole to be loue-sicke for any man, longer then he is in your company, are you so ignorant in the rules of Courtship, to thinke any one man to beare all the pricke and praise? I tell thee, be he neuer so proper, there is another to second him.

Ma. Let rules of Courtship be authentick still,

To

To such as doe pursue variety,
But vnto those whose modest thoughts do tend,
To honord Nuptialls, and a regular life
As farre from shew of niceneſſe, as from that
Of impure thoughts, all other obiects seeme
Respectleſſe, of no proportion ballanst with esteeme
Of what their soules affect.

Mist. Glist. No maruell sure you should regard these men with such reuerend opinion, ther's few good faces, and fewer graces in any of them, if one among a multitude haue a good paire of legs, he neuer leaues riding the ring, till he has quite mar'd the proportion: nay some (as I haue heard) wanting lyniaments to their liking, and Calfe to support themselues, are fayne to vse Arte, and supply themselues with quilted Calues, which oftentimes in Reuelling fall about their Ancles, and for their behauiour, wit and discourse (except some few that are trauelled) it is as imperfectious and silly, as your Schollers new come from the Vniuersity, by this light I thinke we loose part of our happineſſe when we make these weathercocks our equalls.

Ma. Disgrace not that for which our sect was made,
Society in nuptiall beds aboue these ioyes
Which louers tast, when their conioyned lips
Suck forth each others soules, the earth the Ayre,
Yea Gods themselues know none: *Elysium's* sweet
All that bliſſe which Poets pens describe
Are only known, when soft and amorous soulds,
Entwine the Corps of two vnited louers,
VVhere what they wish, they haue yet still desire,
And sweets are known without satiety.

Enter Wall.

Num. Heer's *Club* forlooth and his fellowe prentise haue brought master *Gerardines* Trunke.

Mist. Glist. Let them come in if their feete be cleane. Ex. So then your best beloued is gone, fayre weather after him; all thy passions goe with him, recomfort thy selfe wench in a better choice, his loue to thee would haue bin of no longer con-

tinuance then the vntruſſing of his hoſe, then why ſholdſt thou pine for ſuch a one.

Maria. Shee's fooliſh ſure, with what imperfect phraſe,
And ſhallow wit ſhe anſwers me.

Enter Club and another with the Trunke.

Miſt. Gli. Honeſt *Club* welcome, is this maſter *Gerardines* Trunke? he is gone then?

Club. Indeed miſtris *Gliſter*, he is departed this tranſitory Citty, but his whole ſubſtance is here incloſed, which (by command) we here deliuer to your cuſtody, to the vſe of miſtriſſe *Maria* according to the tenure of the premiſſes.

Mi. Gli. Place it here my honeſt *Club*, well done: and how does thy miſtriſſe, was ſhe at the Family to day, ——— ſpit not good *Club*, I can not abide it.

Club. Not to day forſooth, ſhe hath ouercharged her ſelfe and her memory, ſhe meanes to vſe a moderation, and take no more then ſhe can make vſe of.

Mi. Gli. And I pre thee *Club* what kind of creatures are theſe Familiſts, thou art conuerſant with them.

Club. What are they? With reuerence be it ſpoken, they are the moſt accompliſht Creatures vnder heauen, in them is all perfection.

Mi. Gli. As how good *Club*?

Club. Omitting their outward graces, Ile ſhow you only one inſtance which includes all other: they loue their neighbors better then themſelues.

Mi. Gli. Not then themſelues *Club*.

Club. Yes better then themſelues, for they loue them beter then their huſbands, and huſband and wife are all one; therefore better then themſelues.

Mi Gliſt. This is logick. But tell me doth ſhe not endeauor to bring my Doctor of her ſide and *Fraternity*.

Club. Let him reſolue that himſelfe for here he comes.

Enter Doctor Gliſter.

Do. Gli. O: haſt thou brought the Trunk honeſt *Club*, I commend thy honeſt care, heer's for thy paines.

Club

Club. I thank you maſter Doctor, you are free and liberall ſtill, you'l command me nothing back? *Exit.*

Doct. Gliſt. Nothing but commendations, farewell. your ſweet hart *Gerardine* is by this time cold of his hope to enioy thee: he'es gone, and a more equall and able huſband ſhall my care ere long prouide thee: what clyents haue bin here in my abſence wife?

Mi. Gliſt. Faith mouſe none that I know, more then an old woman that had loſt her Cat, and came to you for a *Spell* in the recouery.

Doctor Gliſt. I thinke egregious ignorance will goe neere to ſaue this age, their blindnes takes me for a coniurer: yeſterday a Iuſtice of peace ſalutes me, with profer of a brace of Angells to helpe him to his footcloth, ſome 3. dayes before ſtoln, and was faine to vſe his mans cloake in ſtead on't.

Enter Viall.

Nun. Heers a gentleman craues ſpeech with you ſir.

Exeunt Miſtris Gliſter and Maria.

Do. Gli. Go in ſweet wife, and giue my Neece good counſel: His name.

Nun. He will not tell it me.

Do. Gliſt. His countenance.

Nun. I can ſee nothing but his eies; the reſt of him is ſo rapt in cloake, that it ſuffers no view. *Enter Lipſalue.*

Do. Gliſt. Admit him, what ſhould he be for a man? what Maſter *Lipſalue* is't you? why thus obſcur'd, what diſcontent ouerſhadowes you.

Lip. A diſcontent indeed Maſter Doctor, which to ſhake off, I muſt haue you extend your Art to the vtmoſt bounds: you Phyſitias are as good as falſe dores behind hangings to Ladies neceſſary vſes: you know the very hower in which they haue neither will to deny, nor wit to miſtruſt: faith now by the way, when are women moſt apt.

Do. Gli. Shall I vnbutton my ſelfe vnto you; after the receipt of a purgation. for then are their pores moſt open: but what creature of a Courtier is it, hath drawne your head into the woodcocks nooſe.

Lyp. A Courtier? nay by this flesh, I am cleane falne out with them, they haue nothing proportionable.

Do. Glist. O I perceiue then tis some Citty Star that atracts your aspect,

Lip. He knows by his Art ——— in plaine termes a certain Pothicaries wife.

Do. Glist. Vpon my life master *Purge*, I smell you sir.

Lyp. You may smell a man after a purgation indeed: Sir, tis she: Now for that same hath bruted you to be a man expert in negromancy, I would endeauour my selfe to you for euer, would you vouchsafe to let one of your Spirits bring Mistrisse *Purge* into some conuenient place, where I might enioy her: I haue heard of the like, can you performe this:

Do. Gli. With much facility I assure you: but you must vnderstand, that the apparition of a spirit is dreadfull, and with all couetous, and with no small summe of gold hyred to such feates.

Nun. Sir heers another gentleman muffeld too, that desires present conference with you.

Doct. Glist. Walke you into that roome, I will bethinke my selfe for your good, and instantly resolue you; let the gentleman come in: *Lipsalue* in loue with my vessell of ease? come to me to helpe him to a morsell most affected? by mine owne pallat? No more but so, I haue shapt it, the conceit tickles me.

Enter Gudgin.

Sir, as a stranger I welcome you, what master *Gudgin* haue I caught you: I thought it was a gallant that walkt muffled, Come, let me behould you at full, heere are no Sergeants man.

Gud. Master Doctor, this my obscure comming requires an action more obscure: and in briefe this tis; Sir, you are held a man far seene in natures secrets, I know you can effect many things almost impossible; know then I loue mistrisse *Purge*, and oportunity fauours me not, nor indeed is she so tractable as I expected, if either by medicine, or your Art magikall, you can worke her to my will, I haue a poore Gallants rewarde sir,

Doct.

Doct, Gliſt. Thats iuſt nothing. But how ſir would you haue me to procure you acceſſe to miſtriſſe *Purge*, you neuer knew a phyſition a bawde.

Gud. Why by coniuration (I tell you) wherin you are ſaid to be as well practiz'd, as in Phiſick; heer's the beſt part of my preſent ſtore to effect it.

Do. Gliſt. Not a penny for my ſelfe, but my *Spirits* indeede they muſt be fed; walke you by here, while I thinke vpon a ſpell. What myſtery ſhould this be, *Lipſalue* and *Gudgin* both in loue with miſtriſſe *Purge*, and come to me to helpe 'hem by Art magicke? Tis ſome gullery ſure; yet if my inuention hold, ile fit them:

Enter one.

Whoſe within there, fetch me in all haſt two good whips, I thinke you may haue them not far hence; It ſhall be ſo, now tell me maſter *Gudgin* does no man know of your loue to miſtriſſe *Purge*?

Gud. Not a man by my Gentry.

Do. Gliſt. Then ſir know ile effect it; but vnderſtand withal, the apparition will be moſt horrid, if it appeare in his proper forme, and will ſo amaze and dull your ſences, that your appetite will be loſt and weake, though miſtriſſe *Purge* ſhould attend it naked: Now ſir, could you name a friend with whome you are moſt conuerſant, in his likeneſſe ſhould the ſpirit appeare.

Gud. Of all men liuing, my conuerſation is moſt frequent with *Lipſalue* the Courtier.

Doct. Gli. Tis ynough; ile to my *Spirit* —— are theſe whips come there?

Enter one with whips.

Man. Ready here ſir.

Doct. Gliſt. So lie thou there; my noble gallants ile ſo firke you: Sir my *Spirit* agrees in *Lipſalues* ſhape; to morrow twixt the howres of foure and fiue, ſhall miſtriſſe *Purge* be rapt with a whirlwind into *Lypſalues* chamber, thats the fitteſt place: for by the breake of day *Lipſalue* ſhall be mounted, and forſake the City for three dayes, ſo my *Spirit* reſolues me: Now ſir, by my Art, at that very houre ſhall his chamber doore fly open,

into

into which boldly enter in this ſort accoutered: put me on a pure cleane ſhirt, leaue off your doublet, (for *Spirits* indure nothing polluted) take me this whip in your hand, and being entred you ſhall ſee the *Spirit* in *Lipſalues* ſhape, in the ſelfe ſame forme that you appeare; ſpeake theſe words here ready written, take three bold ſteps forward, then whippe him ſoundly, who ſtraight vaniſheth and leaues miſtris *Purge* to your will.

Gud. I but ſhall your *Spirit* come arm'd with a whippe too?

Do. Gliſt. He ſhall, but haue no power to ſtrike,

Gud. Is this infallible, haue you ſeen the proofe?

Do. Gliſt. *Probatum* vpon my word, I haue ſeene the experience, if it fayle, ſay I am a foole, and no Magician.

Gud. Maſter Doctor I would you had ſome ſuite at Court, by the faith of a Courtier, I would beg it for you: Fare you well *Sir*, I ſhall reporte of you, as I find your charme.

Exit.

Doct. Gliſt. And no otherwiſe ſir; let me vnderſtand how you thriue: ha, ha, ha, now to my friend *Lipſalue*, I muſt poſſeſſe him with the ſame circumſtance, wherein I am aſſured to get perpetuall laughter in their follies, and my reuenge. *Exit.*

Enter Maria ouer the Trunke.

Ma. O which way ſhall I turne, or ſhift, or goe,
To looſe one thought of care, no ſoothing hope
Giues entermiſſion, or beguiles one howre
Of tedious Time, which neuer will haue end,
Whilſt loue purſues, in vayne my abſent friend,
Thou continent of wealth, whoſe want of ſtoare
For that it could not peize thy vnequall *Scale*
Of Auarice giu'ſt matter to my moane,
O droſſe the leauell of inſatiate Eyes
The Diuells Engine, and the ſoules corrupter,
Thou plaiſt th'Atturney gainſt the lawfull force
Of true affection, doſt enterpoſe a Barr,
twixt Harts conioyn'd; Curſt be thy ſeede of ſtrife,

Whoſe

VVhoſe progreſſe choakes the naturall courſe of life.

Gerardine riſing out of the Trunke, ſhe ſeemes fearefull, and flyes.

Ma. O helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ger. Stay ſweet *Maria*, I bring thee ample ioy
To check that ſudden feare, let thy ſweet heart
That conſtant ſeate of thy affection,
Repay that bloud exhauſted from thy vaines;
Feare not ſweet wench! I am no apparition,
But the firme ſubſtance of thy trueſt friend,
Knowſt thou me now?

Ma. *Gerardine* my loue?
What vnheard of accident preſents
Thy vnexpected ſelfe, and giues my heart
Matter of ioy, mixt with aſtoniſhment.
I thought thou hadſt bin cabyn'd in thy ſhip,
Not Trunkt within my cruell gardyans houſe.

Ger. That cruelty giues fuell to deſire,
For loue ſuppreſt fares like a raging fire
which burnes all obſtacles that ſtop his courſe,
And mounts aloft; the Ocean in his ſource
May eaſier hide himſelfe, and be confynd,
Then Loue can be obſcurd; For in the mind,
She holds her ſeate, and through that heau'nly eſſence,
Is neare, when farre remote; her virtuall preſence,
Fills (like the Ayr) all places, giues delight,
Hope in deſpaire and hart, gainſt fell deſpite.
That worſt of men thy cruell gardyan may
Keepe downe a while, but cannot diſſipate
what heau'n hath ioynd, for fate and prouidence,
Gaue me this Stratagem, to let him know,
That Loue will creepe, where tis reſtraynd to go.

Ma. I apprehend the reſt: O rare conceit,
I ſee thy trauell happily was fayne
To win acceſſe, which with ſmall eaſe thou haſt gayn'd:
This Trunk, which he ſo greedily ſuppoſes,

Containes thy substance (as it doth indeed)
Vpon thy fayre pretence, in liew of loue
Bequeath'd to me, if death should stop the course,
This Trunk (I say) he hugs; sink thou or swim,
So he may feed his wolfe, that roote of Sin,
His Auarice but heauen (that mocks mans might
Giues this close meanes t'incist vpon our right.
Ger. Ingenious Spirit, true Oracle of loue,
Thou hast preuented me, this was my plot,
Whose end and scope I long to imitate,
With accents free, and vncontrolld with feare.
Do's oportunity stand fayre?
Ma. Not now,
Daunger stands centinell.
Ger. Then Ile retyre,
We must be cautilous.
Ma. So so, and Tyme
Shall not oft turne his howr glasse ere ile find,
Peace and occasion fitting to thy mind.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Actus Tertius scena prima.

Enter Gerardine and Maria.

Ger. THe coast is cleare, and *Argus* wakefull eies
Securely sleep: time turnes to vs his front;
Come sweet *Maria* of th'auspicious howres
Lets take aduantage.
Ma. With all my hart, I do imbrace the motion with thy selfe:
Welcome sweet friend to liberty of Ayer,
Which now me thinks doth promp our breaths to moue
Sweet accents of delight, the ioyes of loue:
How dost thou brooke thy little ease, thy Trunk?
Ger. That Trunke confines this Chest, this Chest containes

Thun-

Th'vnbounded ſpeculacion of our loue
Incomprehenſible: Griefe, ioy, hope, and feares
(Thaffections of my mind) are like the ſpheares,
VVhich in their iarring motions do agree,
Through th'influence of loues ſweet harmony.
Ma. Are not inferiour bodies here on earth,
Produc'd and gouern'd by thoſe heauenly ones?
Ger. They are.
Ma. They iar (you ſay) yet in that ſtrife maintaine
Perpetuall league: why ſhould their influence
In rationall ſoules be checkt by erring ſence?
Or why ſhould mutuall loue (confirmd by heau'n)
B'infringd by men, me thinks tis moſt vneuen.
Ger. Thou argu'ſt well *Maria*: and this withall
That Bruites, nor Animalls do proue a thrall
To ſuch ſeruility: ſoules that are wards
To gold opinion, or th'vndue regards
Of broking men, wolues that in ſheep-ſkin bands;
Pray on the harts to ioyne th'vnwilling hands,
Ruine fayre *Stocks*, when generous houſes die,
Or propagate their name with Baſtardy.
Ma. Sterility and barennes enſue,
Such forced loue: nor ſhall erronious men
Peruert my ſetled thoughts, or turne mine eye
From thy fayre obiect, which I will purſue,
Rich in thy loue, prowde of this interuiew.
Ger. Ile ſuck theſe accents, let our breaths ingender
A generation of ſuch pleaſing ſounds,
To enterchange delights: O my bloud's on fire,
Sweet let me giue more ſcope to true deſire.
Ma. What wouldſt thou more then our minds firm contract?
Ger. Tut words are wind: thought vnreduct to Art,
Is but an Embrion in the trueſt ſence.
Ma. I am beleaguerd: had need of fence,
You make me bluſh: play faire yet aboue boord.
Ger. Here me exemplify loues Latine word
Together with thy ſelfe

As thus, harts ioynd *Amore* take *A* from thence,
Then *more* is the perfect morall sence?
Plurall in manners, which in thee doe shine
Saintlike, immortall, spotles and diuine.
Take *re* away, *ore* in beauties name,
Craues an eternall Trophee to thy fame,
Lastly take *e*, in *re* stands all my rest,
which *I* in *Chaucer* stile do terme a iest.

Ma. You breake all modest bounds, away, away?

Ger. So when men come behind, do women say.

Ma. Come come, I say.

Ger. I thats the word indeed,
Men that come bold before, are like to speed.

Enter Lipsalue and Shrimp his Page.

But who comes here? *monstrum horrendum*, my nostrills haue the ranke sent of knauery, *Maria* lets remoue our selues to the window, and obserue this piece of mans flesh.

Exeunt.

Lip. Now mistris *Maria* ward your selfe, if my strong hope fayle not, I shall be with you to bring

Shr. To bring what sir? some more o'your kind.

Lip. Faith boy thats mine ayme.

Shr. Ile be sworne sir, you haue a good loose, you let fly at 'hem a pace.

Lip. I haue shot fayre and far off, but now I hope to hit the mark indeed.

Shrim. God saue it.

Lip. But wher's the Signe?

Shr. Why there.

Lip. Thats a speciall thing to be obserued.

Shr. I haue heard alke of the *Gemini*, me thinks that should be a Star fauourable to your proceedings.

Lip. The *Gemini*? I apprehend thee, that's because I am so like *Gerardine*, ha is't not so boy?

Shr. As if you were spit out on's mouth sir, you must needs be like him, for you are both cut out of a peece: but Lord sir,

how you hunt this chase of loue, are you not weary?

Lipsalue. Indefatigable boy, indefatigable.

Shr. Fattigable (quoth you) you may call it leaneable well ynough, for I am sure it is able to make a man leane.

Lip. Tis my vocation boy, we must neuer be weary of well doing, loue's as proper to a Courtier, as precisenesse to a Puritane.

Enter Gerardine and Maria aboue.

Shr. Loue (subbaudy lust) a Punke in this place *subintelligitur.*

Lypsalue. Boy I haue spyd my Saint.

Shr. Then downe on your knees.

Lip. Fly of, least she take thee for my familiar: Saue thee sweet *Maria*, Nay wonder not (for thou thy selfe art wonder,) To see this vnexpected gratulation.

Maria. VVhom do I see? O how my sences wander?
Am not I *Hero*: art not thou *Leander*?

Gerar. Thar't in the right sweet wench more of that vayne?

Lip. Her passion ouercomes her, tis the kindest soule:
O excellent deuise, it works, it works boy.

Shr. It dos indeed sir, like the suds of an Alefat, or a washing Bola.

Lip. Ioy not too much, extreames are perillous.

Ma. O weather beaten lout: *Cisley* go make a fire?
Go fetch my ladder of Ropes, *Leander's* come.

Lip. Marke how pretily in her rapture she harpes vpon *Gerardines* trauell, let the extasie haue end for I am *Gerardine*.

Gerar. The diuell you are.

Ma. Ha? let me see, my loue so soone returnd.

Lyp. I neuer trauelld farther then thine eyes,
My bruted iourney was a happy proiect,
To cast a myst before thy iealouse gardyan,
Who now suspectles, giues some hope t'attaine
My wisht delight, before pursu'd in vaine.

Ger. Aske if he straynd not hard for that same proiect.

Ma. Has not that proiect ouerracket thy braine.

And spent more wit then thou hast left behind.

Shrimp. By this light she flowts him.

Lip. No, wit is infinite I spent some brayne;
Thy loue did stretch my wit vpon the Tenters

Ger. Then is't like to shrinke in the wetting.

Mar. It cottens well, it cannot choose but beare
A prety napp; I tender thy capacity,
A comfortable Caudle cherish it:
But whers my fauour that I bid thee weare
As pledge of loue,

Ger. Now dost thou put him toot,
More Tenters for his wit, hee's *Nonplus* quite

Lip. I weare it sweet *Maria* but on hy dayes,
Preserue it from the taynting of the ayre,
What should I say: tis in my tother hose.

Ma. How? in your tother hose? he that J loue
Shall weare my fauor in those hose he has on,

Lip. Fiends and furies: block that I am.

Shrim. In your tother hose? she talkt of a ladder of Ropes; if she would let it downe; for my life he would hang himselfe in't: In your tother hose? why those hose are in Lauender, besides, they haue neuer a Codpeece: but indeed there needs no Iuy where the wine is good: In your tother hose?

Ma. I said you were too prodigall of wit.

Lyp. Expostulate no more, grant me accesse,
Or else ile trauell to the wildernesse.

Mar. Your onely way, go trauell till you tyer,
Be rid, and let a gull discharge the hyer.

Shr. Master, the Doctor the Doctor.

Lip. Where? which way.

Shrim. This way, that way, some way I heard him comming.

Lip. O boy I am abusd, gulld, disgrac't, my credit's crackt.

Shr. You know thats nothing for a new Courtier.

Lip. O I shall run beside my selfe.

Shr. No sir, thats my office, ile run by your side.

Lip. My braine is out of temper, what shall J do?

Shr.

Shr. Take her councell sir, get a cullis to your capacity, a restoratiue to your reason, and a warming pan to your wit: he comes he comes.

Lip. Follow close boy, let him not see vs.

Exeunt.

Enter Doctor Glister.

Doct. Glist. What? more flatterers about my carrion? more battery to my walls? shall I neuer be rid of these Petronell Flashes? As for my friend *Gerardine*, the wind of my rage has blown him to discouer countries, and let the sea purge his loue away and him together, I care not: yong wenches now are all o'the heigh: we that are gardyans must respect more besides Titles, gold lace, person, or parts, we must haue Lordships and mannors elsewhere as well as in the man: wealth commands all, and wealth ile haue, or else my minion shall leade Apes in hell. I must after this gallant too, ile know his randiuous, and what company he keeps. *Exit.*

Ma. Now must we be abrupt; retyre sweet friend
To thy small ease; what more remaines to do,
We'l consumate at our next enterview.

Ger. So shall I beare my prisonment with pleasure,
Looke thou but big, the cruell foe will yeeld,
And giue to *Hymen* the honor of the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistrisse Purge, and Club before her with a Linke.

Mist. Purge. Fy fy *Club*, goe a tother side the way, thou followst me & my ruffe, thou wilt make me an vncleane member i'the congregation.

Club. If you be vncleane mistris, you may pure your selfe, you haue my masters ware at your commaundement, but what am I then, that does all the drudgerye in your House.

Mi. Pur. Thart born to't, why boy, I can show thy Indentures, thou giu'st no other milke: wee know how to vse all i'theyr kinde.

Club. I are my better in Barke and Rhyne, but in pith and sub-

ſubſtance I may compare with you: y'are aboue me in fleſh miſtriſſe, and there your boaſt, but in my tother part, we are all one before God.

Enter Dryſat.

Mi. Pur. all one with me? doſt thou ſweare too? why then vp and ride.

Dry. VVhither away miſtriſſe *Purge*?

Mi. Pur. To the Family maſter *Dryſat*, to our exerciſe.

Dry. VVhat by night?

Mi. Pur. O Lord, I ſir, with the candles out too, we fructifie beſt in th darke, the glance of the Eie is a great matter, it leads vs to other obiects beſides the right.

Dry. Indede I thinke we performe thoſe functions beſt, when we are not thral'd to the fetters of the body.

Mi. Pur. The fetters of the body, what call you them?

Dry. The Organes of the body, as ſome terme them.

Mi. Pur. Organes: fy, fy, they haue a moſt abominable ſqueking ſound in mine eares, they edifie not a whit I deteſt hem: I hope my body has no Organes.

Dry. To ſpeake more familiarly Miſtris *Purge*, they are the ſenſes: the ſight, hearing, ſmelling, taſt, and feeling.

Miſt. Pur. I marry: (*Mary* ſaid I) Lord what a words that in my mouth) you ſpeake now Maſter *Dryſat*: but yet let me tell you where you erre too: this feeling I will proue to be neither Organe nor fetter, it is a thing (a ſence did you call it?

Dry. I, a ſence.

Miſt. Pur. VVhy then a ſenſe let it be) I ſay in is that we cannot be without: for (as I take it) it is a part belonging to vnderſtanding: vnderſtanding (you know) lifteth vp the mind from earth; if the mind be lift vp, you know the body goes with it: alſo it deſcendsinto the conſcience, and there tickles vs with our workes and doings: ſo that we make ſingular vſe of feeling.

Dry. And not of the reſt?

Mi. Pur. Not at that time, therefore we hold it not amiſſe to put out the candles, for the ſoule ſees beſt in th darke.

Dry. You come to me now Miſtris *Purge*.

Mi. Pur.

M.Pu. Nay I will come to you else Mayster *Dryfat*: these senses (as you terme them) are of much efficacy in carnal mixtures, that is, when we crowde and thrust a man and a woman together.

Enter Purge and ouer heares them.

Pur. What so close at it, I thought this was one end of your exercise, By lady I think there is final profite in this, Ile winck no more for I am now tickled with a conceit that it is a scuruy thing to be a Cuckold.

Dry. I commend this zeale in you Mistris *Purge*, I desire much to be of your society.

M.Pu. Do you indeede, blessing on your heart: are you vpright in your dealings?

Dry. Yes, I do loue to stand to any thing I do, though I lose by it, in truth I deale but too truely for this worlde: You shall heare how farre I am enter'd in the right way already: Firste I liue in Charity and giue small Almes to such as bee not of the right Sect, I take vnder twenty i'th hunderd, nor no forfeiture of Bonds vnlesse the law tell my conscience I may doo't, I set no pot on a sundaies, but feede on cold meate dresst a Satterdayes, I keepe no holydaies, nor fasts, but eate most flesh o'frydayes of all dayes i'the week: I do vse to say inspir'd gracesable to starue a wicked man with length, I haue *Amnadabs* and *Abrams* to my god sonnes, and I chide them when they aske me blessing: and I doe hate the red letter, more then I follow the written verity.

Purge. Heer's Clergy.

Mi.Pu. These are the Rudiments indeed Master *Dryfat*.

Dry. Nay I can tell you I am or will be of the right stampe.

Pur. A pox o'your Stampe.

Mi.Pu. Then learne the word for your admittaunce, and you will be much made on by the Congregation.

Dry. I the worde good Mistresse *Purge*.

Mi.Pu. A Brother in the Family.

Dry. Ynough I haue my lesson.

Pu. So haue *I* myne, A *Brother* in the family, *I* must be a familist to day, *Ile* follow this geare while tis on foote yfayth.

Mi. Pu. Then shoare vp your eyes, and lead the way to the goodliest people that euer turned vp the white o'th eye, giue me my booke *Club*, put out thy Linke, and come behind vs.

They knocke.

Answer within. Who's there?

Pur. Two brothers and a Sister in the Family——Let in.

Purge knockes.

——*Within* Who's there?

Purge. A Familiar brother.

Within. Heers no roome for you nor your familiarity.

Pur. How? no roome for me nor my familiarity? why whats the difference betweene a familiar brother, and a brother in the Family? O I know: I made eclipses of in, in this place where it should haue bin expreſt, so that the want of in, put me cleane out: or let me see: may it not be some myſterie drawne from Arithmetick? For my life these Familists loue no subſtraction, take nothing away, but put in and ad as much as you will, and after addition followes multiplication of a most *Pharaſi-thipocriticall* crue. VVell for my part I like not this family, nor indeed some kind of priuate lecturing that weomen vſe: looke toot, you that haue ſuch gadders to your wiues: ſelfwilld they are as children, and ytaith capable of not much more then they peeuiſh by cuſtome, naturally fooles. I remember a prety wodden ſentence in a preamble to an exerciſe, where the Reader prayed: that men of his Coate might grow vp like Cedars to make good waynſcot in the houſe of ſincerity, would not this waynſcot phraſe be writ in Braſſe, to publiſh him that ſpake it for an Animall: why, ſuch wodden pellets out of earthen Trunks, doe ſtrike theſe females into admiration, hits 'hem home, ſometimes (perhaps) in at one eare, and out at tother, and then they depart in opinion, wiſer then their neighbours, fraught with matter, able to take down and mortifie their huſbands. VVell ile home now, and bring the true word next time: I ſhall expect my wife anon red hot with zeale, and big with melting teares; and this night do I expect, (as her manner is) ſhe will weepe me a whole Chamberpot full, *Loquar Lapides?* do I caſt pills abroad? tis no matter what I

ſay,

say, I talke like a Pothecary (as I am) I haue onely purgd my selfe of a little choller and passion, and am now armd with a patient resolucion, but how? to put my Hornes in my Pocket? no:

VVhat wise men beare is not for me to scorne,
'Tis a hornorable thing to weare the horne. *Exit.*

Enter Lipsalue with his whip.

Lip. Fortune, deuills turd I thy teeth, ile turne no more o'thy wheele, Art is aboue thy might: what though my project with Mistrisse *Maria* fayld, more waies to the wood then one, theres variety in loue. It is boleeud I am out of towne, my dore is open, the houre is at hand, all things squard by the Doctors rule, and now I looke for the *Spirit* to bring me welcome comfort, to cloath my nakednesse, and that is Mistris *Purge*, the cordiall of a Familist, and come quickly good *Spirit*, or else my teeth will chatter for thee.

Enter Gudgin with his whips.

Gud. O the naked pastymes of loue, the scourge of dulnesse, the purifier of vncleannesse, and the hot house of humanity: I haue taken physick of master *Purge*, any time this twelue months to purge my humor vpon's wife, & I haue euer found her so fugitiue, from exercise to exercise, and from family to Familie, that I could neuer yet open the close stoole of my mind to her: so that I may well say with *Ouid: Heu mihi quod nullius amor est medicabilis herbis*: now am I diuen to proue the violent vertue of coniuration, if it hit, and that I yearke my familist out of the Spirit, ile hang vp my Scourge-sticke for a *Trophee*, and emparadize my thoughts, though the Doctor goe to the diuell, tis no matter: ha let me see; *Lipsalues* doore open: and himselfe out of towne? excellet Doctor, soothsaying Doctor, oraculous Doctor.

Enter Doctor Glister aboue.

Doct. I haue taken vp this standing to see my Gallants play at Barriers with *Scourge*-sticks for the honour of my Punke: and in good time I see my braue Spirits shining in bright Ar-

mour nakedly burning in the Hell fire of Lechery, stand ready for the hot encounter: sound Trumpets, the Combatants are mounted.

Gud. The apparition: Mistris *Purge* peeres through him, I see her.

Lip. The spirit appeares, but he might haue come sooner: I am num'd with colde, a shiuering ague hath taken away my Courage.

Do. They are afrayde one of another, looke how they tremble, the flesh and the diuell strengthen 'hem: ha, ha, ha.

Gud. Has a no clouen feete, what a laxatiue feuer shakes me.

Lip. Will a not carry me with him to Hell? well I must venter: *Clogmachos.*

Gud. my Cue *Clogmachabos.*

Lip. My Cue *Garrazin.* *Gud. Garragar.*

Lip. Garrazinos. *Gud. Tontetuphem.*

Lip. Testetuphes.

Ambo. With a *Whirley Twinos* —— they lash one another.

Ambo. Hold, hold, hold, gogs nownes, Gogs blude, a pox, a plague, the Diuell take you truce, truce, I smart, I smart.

Doctor. Ha, ha, ha: O for one of the hoopes of my *Caruelian* Tub: I must needs be gone, I shall burst my selfe with laughing else:

Magicke hath no such Rule, men can not find,
Lust euer better handled in his kind. *Exit Doctor.*

Gud. What art thou? with the name of Ioue I coniure thee?

Lip. With any name sauing the whip, ile no more of that coniuration a plague on't.

Gudg. Speake art not a Spirit, in the likenesse of my friend *Lipsalue*, that should transforme thy selfe to mistris *Purge*.

Lip. How? a Spirit? I hope Spirits haue no flesh and bloud, & I am sure thou hast drawn bloud our of my flesh with the spirit of thy whip.

Then shall we proue to be honest Gulls, and the Doctour an errant knaue.

Lip. A plague vpon him for a *Glister*, he has giuen our Ioues a suppositar with a Recombentibus —— Ile tell thee sirra.

Gud.

Gud. Tell not me, let me preuent thee, the winde ſhall not take the breath of our groſſe abuſe, we ſeele the gullery: Therfore let vs ſweare by our naked truths, & by the hilts of theſe our blades, our fleſh-tamers, to be reueng'd vpon that Parapetopandenticall Doctor, that pocky Doctor.

Lip. Agreed, wee'l Cuckold him, that hee ſhall not be able to put his head in at's doores, and make his preciſe puritanicall, & peculiar Punke his Pothicaries drug there, a knowne Cockatrice to the world.

Gud. If report catch this knauery, we haue loſt our reputations for euer,
Wherefore lets be ſecret;
Ile tax we weomen of Credulity,
VVhen men are gulld with ſuch groſſe foppery.

Lip. Come let vs in, and couer both our ſhames?
This Coniuration to the world's a nouelty,
Gallants turnd *Spirits* and whipt for Lechery. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Enter Maria and Gerardine out of the Trunke.

Maria. *Gerardine* come forth *Maria* calls?
Thoſe Ribs ſhall not infoulde thy buxom Limbs
One minute longer: the cincture of myne armes
Shall more ſecurely keepe thy ſoule from harmes.

Ger. VVhat heauenly breath of *Phytoneſſas* powre
(That rayſd the dead corpes of her friend to life)
Preuayles no leſſe on me, for euen this vrne
(The figure of my ſadder *Requiem*)
Giues vp my bones, my loue, my life, and all
To her, that giues me freedome in my thrall.

Ma. Be briefe ſweet friend, ſalute and part in one,
For niggard time now threats with imminent danger
Our late ioyd ſcope: Thy earneſt then of loue:
Ere *Sol* haue compaſt halfe the ſignes, I feare
VVill ſhew a bluſhing fault, but t'was thy plot, thyne ayme,
T'inforce conſent in him that bars thy claime.

Ger. Loue ſalues that fault, let time our guilt reueale,

Ile neare deny my Deed, my hand, and Seale:
The Elements shall loose their auncient force;
VVater and earth suppresse the fire and Ayre,
Nature in all vse, a prepostrous course,
Each kind forget his likenes to repaire,
Before ile falsifie my faith to thee;
Ma. The humorous bodies elementall kind,
Shall sooner lose th'innated heate of loue,
The Soule in natures bounds shalbe confind,
Heauens course shall retragrade, & leaue to moue
Ere I surcease to cherish mutuall fire,
With thoughts refind in flames of true desire.
Ger. These words are odours in the sacred shrine
Of Loues best deity: the mariage God
Longs to performe these ceremonious rites,
Which terminate our hopes; till mine grow full
Ile vse that entercourse amongst my friends,
That earst I did: then in the hight of ioy,
Ile come to challenge interest in my boy.
Till then farewell.
Ma. Youle come vpon your Cue
Ger. Doubt not of that;
Ma. Then twenty times adieu. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertij.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Actus Quartus, scena prima.

Enter Lypsalue and Goggin, Shrimp and Periwincle.

Gud. COme Boyes, our clothes boyes, and what is the most currant newes *Periwincle.*
Peri. Faith sir, Fortune hath fauoured vs with no newes, but what the Pedlar brought from Norfolke.
Lyp. Is there nothing stirring at Court *Shrimpe?*
Shrim. Faith there is sir, but nothing new.

Lyp.

Lip. Good wag fayth, thou smellst somwhat of a Courtier, though thy Mother was a Citizens wife, Off with that filthy great Band, nay quick, on with your robe of sanctity, nay suddenly man.

Gug. And why must we shift our selues into this demure habite, if impossible to be of the Family, and keepe our owne fashion.

Lip. Tut man the name of a gallant is more hatefull to them, then the sight of a Corner Cap, hadst thou heard the protestations the wife of a bellowsmender made but yesternight, against Gallants, thou hadst for euer abiured Crimson breeches. She swore that all Gallants, were persons inferiour to bellowsmenders, for the trade of Bellowsmaking was very aëriall & high, And what were men and women but bellowes, for they take wind in at one place, and doe euaporate at another, euaporate was her very phrase.

Guggin. Me thinks her phrase slew with somwhat too strong a vapour.

Lip. Nay she proues farther, that all men receiue their being chiefly from bellowes, without which the fire burnes not, without fire the pot seeths not, the pot not seething, powdred Beefe is not to be eaten, of which she then auerr'd our nation was a great deuourer, and without which they could neyther fight for their Country abroad, nor get children at home: For sayd she, powdred beefe is a greate ioyner of nerues together.

Gug. What answer madest thou?

Lip. Mary, that I thought a Bawde was a greater ioyner of nerues together, then powdred beefe, with that she protested, that a Bawde was an instrument of the Diuell, and as she had proued that bellowsmakers were of Gods trade, so Bawdes were of the diuells trade: For (and thereupon she blew her Nose) the diuell and Bawdes did both liue by the sins of the people.

Enter Club and Mistresse Purge.

Gug. No more, mistris *Purge* is at hand.

Lip. Vanish boyes, away, make hast, before Loue shee'l be

with

with vs ere we can be prouided for her.

Mi. Pur. Aduaunce your Lynke *Club*? At what time were thou bound *Club*? At Guttyde: Hollantyde, or Candletide?

Club. I was bound indeed about Mydsommer.

Mist. Pur. And when hath thy prentiship end, At mychaeltyde next?

Club. So I take it.

Mi. Pu. They say Club you fall very heauy on such you loue not, you neuer learnt that of me.

Club. Indeede mistris *I* must confesse, my falling is rusticke grosse, and butcherlike, marrie yours is a pretty foolish light Courttake falling: Yet beleeue mee my master smelles somewhat too grosse of the Purgation, he wants tutering.

Mi. Pu. And why *I* pray?

Club. My maister being set last night in his shoppe, comes maister *Doctor* Glister (as his maner is) squerting in suddenlye, and after some conference, tells my mayster that by his owne knowledge you were young with Childe, to which my maister replied, why maister *Doctor*, will yoe put me to more Charges yet?

Mi. Pur. Thou art a foole, In that my husband spake as wiselie as if the maister of his company had spoke, hee knowes Doctors haue receites for women, which makes them moste apt to conceyue, and hee promising a had ministred the same lately to me, thereupon spake it, Lead on with your link?

Lipsa. Art ready?

Gug. Readie.

Lips. Then speak pittifully, looke scuruily, and dissemble cunningly, and we shall quickly prooue two of the fraternity *Benediction and Sanctitie; loue and Charity*: fall on Mistresse *Purge*, Syster of the family.

Mi. Pur. And what I pray be you two?

Sa. Two newly couerted from the rags of Christianity; to become good members in the house of the family.

Mi. Pur. VVho I pray conuerted you?

Ma. Dryfat the merchant.

Mist. Pur. And from what sinnes hath he conuerted you?

From two very notorious Crimes, The first was from eating fishe on frydaies, and the second from speaking reuerently of the Clergy: but a resolu'dys, your talent in edifying yong men went far beyond his.

Enter Mayster Purge.

Ma.Pur. A tallent I haue therein, I must confesse, nor am I very nice at fit times to show it; for your better instructions therefore, you must neuer hereafter frequent *Tauernes nor Taphouses, no Maskes nor Mummeries, no pastimes nor Playhouses.*

Gud. Must we haue no recreation?

Mi.Pur. Yes, on the dayes which prophane lips call Hollidayes, you may take your Spaniell and spend some howres at the Duckingpond.

Lip. What are we bound vnto, during the time we remaine in the Family.

Mi.Pu. During the light of the Candle, you are to be very attentiue, which being extinguished, how to behaue your selues, I will deliuer in priuate whisper.

Ma.Pur. Tis now come to a whisper, what yong Familists be these? yfaith Ile make one, ile trip you wife, I sent your footing wife.

For *Gallus* writes, *Paracelsus* can tell,
Pothicaries haue braines, and Noses eke to smell.

Lip. We shall with much diligence obserue it.

Ma.Pur. I feare I shall haue small cause to thanke that diligence, but doe your worst, He that hath red fine hearballs in one yeare, can finde a tricke which shall preuent this geare, they are going, follow *Purge*, close, close and softly, like a Horsekeeper in a Ladies matted Chamber at midnight.

Exeunt Gudgin, Lipsalue, and Mistrisse Purge.

Within. VVho knockes?

Mi.Pur. Brethren and a Sister in the Family.

Within. Enter in peace.

Ma. Purge. Brethren and a sister, thats the word, How beastly was I mistaken last day, I should haue sayd a Brother in the Family——And I said a Familiar brother, for which I and my family were thrust out of dores: but as *Titus Silus* of Holborn bridge most learnedly was wont to say, *qd*——

He Knockes,

Within. VVhose there?

Ma. Pu. A brother in the family.

Within, Enter, and welcome.

Act. 4. Scena. 2.

Enter Gerardine.

Thou sacred Dyety, loue:
Thou power predominate, more to be admyr'd,
Then able to be expreſt, whose Orbe includes
All terrene ioyes which are, all States which be,
Pay to thy sacred Throne, as tribute fee
Their thoughts & liues like Ioues so must thy acts
Indure no question, why, thy hidden facts,
The Gods themselues obay, *Heauen Synod* holds,
No Gods, but what thy awfull power controwls,
The Delphian Archer proud with Pythons spoile
At *Cupids* hand was forst to take the foyle:
Not *Mars* his warlike Adamantine Targe,
Could free his warlike breſt at *Cupids* charge;
And *Ioue* whose frowne all mortall liues bereaues
This marble throne and Iuory Scepter leaues:
And in the likenes of a Bull was seene,
As forc't by him to beare the *Tyrian* Queen:
Through *Neptunes* watry kingdome, if these submit
My *Metamorphos* is not held vnfit:

Enter Drifat.

And see in most wisht occasion *Drifat* the Marchant presents himselfe: Sir, in the best of houres met, my thoughts had markt you out for a man most apt, to do them the fayrest of offices.

Dri. VVhat? art thou a welch Carrier, or a Northern Landlord, thart so saucy.

Ger.

Ger. Ist possible sir, my disguise should so much foole your knowledge? how, a Northern Landlord? can you thinke I get my liuing by a bell and a Clackdish?

Dri. By a bell and a Clackdish, how's that?

Ger. Why by begging sir, know you me now?

Dri. Ma. *Gerardine*, disguisd & a shore, nay then I smel a Rat.

Ger. Master *Dryfat*, shall I repose some trust in you, will you lay by a while your Cities precise humour, will you not deceiue me?

Dry. If I deceiue your trust, the generall plague seaze me, that is, may I die a Cuckold.

Ger. And I say thou shalt die a true Citizen, if thou conceale it: And thus in briefe, It stands with thy knowledge how seriously I haue (and doe still affect *Maria*: Now sir, I haue so wrought it, that if thou couldst procure me a fellow, that could serue in steade of a Cryer, *I* my selfe would play *Placket* the Parritor, and summon Doctor *Glister* and *Maria* to appeare at thy house, and as he plaies the Parritor, so wouldst thou but assume the shape of a Proctor, I should haue the wench, thou the credit, and the whole City occasion of discourse this nyne dayes.

Dri. Hows this, hows this! *I* should procure a fellow to play the Parritor, and *I* my selfe should play the Proctor: but vpon what occasion should they be summoned?

Ger. Vpon an accusation, that Doctor *Glister* should get *Maria* his Neece with child, and haue Bastards in the Cuntery which *I* haue a trick to make probable.

Dri. And now *I* recall it to memory. *I* heard somwhat to that effect last night, in master *Beardbush* the Barbers shop, but how will this sort, who shall accuse him?

Ger. Refer that to me, *I* say, be that my care, all shall end in merriment, and no disgrace touch either of their reputations.

Dri. Then take both word and hand, tis done, *Club* (mistrisse *Purges* prentice) shall be the Sumner.

Ger. O my most pretious *Dryfat*, may none of thy daughters proue vessells with foule bungholes, or none of thy Sons hogsheads, but all true and honorable *Drifats* like thy selfe.

Dri. VVell Master *Gerardine*, I hope to see you a Familist before I dy.

Ger. Thats most likely, for I hold most of their principles already: I neuer reyle nor calumniate any man, but in loue and charity; I neuer cousen any man for any ill will I beare him, but in loue and charity to my selfe: I neuer make my neighbor a Cuckold for any hate or malice I beare him, but in loue and charity to his wife.

Dri. And may those principles fructify in your weake members: I le be gone, and with most quick dexterity prouide you a Cryer: To morrow at my house (said you) they shou'd appeare.

Ger. Be that the time, most honored *Dryfat*, but be this known to none, most loued sir, saue *Club*, or to some other whom your iudgement shall select, as a fit person for our project.

Dri. Thus ynough time out of sight. *Exit.*

Ger. *Mattie*, thou art mine earths affecton and natures glory, woman of what an excellency, if her thoughts and acts were squard and leueld with the first celsitude of her creation:

I inioy a creature, whose dishcueld locks,
Like gems against the repercussiue Sun,
Giues light and splendor, whose starlike eyes
Attract more gazar loued to see them moue
Then the Tartarians God, when first *Egeons* Hill
Amounts in triumph, a skin more pure and soft,
Then is the silke-worme bed, to the more white
Then newfalne Snow, or shining Iuorie,
Is happinesse sought by the Gods themselues,
Celestiall *Venus* borne without a mother,
Be thou probitious, thee and I implore
Not vulgar *Venus*. *Heauens scorne, and Mars his whoore. Exit.*

Enter Mistresse Glester and Maria.

Ma. Good Aunt quiet your self, ground not vpon dreames, you know they are euer contrary.

Mi. Gl. Mynion, mynion, coyne no excuses; I graunt dreames are deceitfull, but a true iudgement grounded vpon knowledge neuer failes: what? haue not I obserud the rising and

fal-

falling of the bloud, the comming and going of the countenance, your qualmes, your vnlacings, your longings, most euident tokens, besides a more certaine signe then all these too, you know't, I need not speake it; nay I am as skilfull in that point as my husband: I can tell you *Aristotle* speakes English enough to tell me these secrets: Body of me, so narrowly looke too, and yet fly out' well, I see maydes will ha' te, in spite of Lawes or lockes that restrayne 'hem, they will open, doe men what they can.

Ma. I see my fault appeares, simplicity
Hath no euasion: tis bootlesse to deny,
Where guilty bloud, cited by touch of shame,
Runs through my veines, and leaues my conscience staine,
Euen in my face: for beare I doe beseech you,
To publish my defame, what I haue done,
You shall not answer, I must beare mine owne.

Mi. Gli. Beare your owne? I mary there it goes, what must you beare?

Ma. My sins forsooth.

Mi. Gli. Your sins forsooth: confesse to me, and goe not about the bush, you haue bin doing thats flat, you haue caught a clap, thats round, and answer me roundly to the point, or els ile square: Come whose act ist? I can not deuise vnlesse it be my husbands, for none else had accesse to thee; I am sure time has turnd his bald side to thee, and I doe but wonder how thou tookst oportunity: speake, tell me.

Ma. Now good Aunt presse me not, let time reueale
What you suspect, for neuer shall my tongue
Confesse an Act that tends vnto my wrong.

Enter Geraldine like a porter.

Mi. Cl. Will you not boult, I must ha't out on you, and will.

Ger. By your leaue mistrisse.

Mi. Gli. Passion of my heart, what art thou?

Ger. No Ghost forsooth, tho' I appeare in white.

Mi. Gli. No, but a saucy knaue I perceiue by your manners.

Ger. None of that Liuery neither: I am of the bearing trade forsooth, you may see by my Smock——frock I wold say: I am (if it please you) of the spick & span new set vp Company of

ters, *Heer's my Breſt plate, and beſides our own Armes* we haue the armes of the Citty to help vs in our burthens, *Ecce ſignum*: heer's the Croſſe, and the ſword of *Iuſtice* in good Pewter, I can tell you which goes as currant with vs as better mettall.

Mi. Gli. Whats your name ſir?

Ger. *Nicholas Nebule* ther's but a ſtrawes bredth between that and the Armes, tis in the back ſide of the *Croſſe* heere, & well knowne in the Citty for an auncient name, and an honeſt an't like your worſhip.

Mar. You are none of the 12 are you?

Ger. No forſooth but one of the 24.

Mi. Gli. Orders of knaues, I thought ſo, firra y'are a *Raſcall* to come thus bluntly into my houſe with your durty *Start-tups*, get you without doores like a filthy fellow as you are, a place more fit for you.

Ger. O good words miſtreſſe; I may be warden of my company for ought you know and for my bluntneſſe we haue a clauſe in our *Charter* to warrant that for as we beare, ſo likewiſe we may be borne with, and haue free egreſſe and regreſſe where our buſines lyes.

Mi. Gli. And whats your buſines heere?

Ger. I haue a letter an't pleaſe you to maiſter Doctor.

Mi. Gli. From whence?

Ger. That I cannot ſhew your VVorſhip, but I had it of *Curtal* the Carrier whoſe lawfull deputy I am.

Mi. Gli. Leaue your ſcraping firra; fye how ranck the knaue ſmells of greaſe and Tapſdroppings.

Ger. Coughes and ſpitts.

Mi. Gli. VVhat are you Rheumatick too with a vengeance?

Ger. Yes indeed miſtreſſe, though I bee but a poore man, I haue a ſpice of the gentleman in mee, Maiſter Doctor could ſmell it quickly, bycauſe hee's a gentleman himſelfe; I muſt to the diet and that is *Tobacco* at the Alehouſe, I vſe n'other phiſick for it.

Mi. Gli. Did euer ſuch a peaſant defile my floare, or breathe ſo neer me: yfayth firra you would be burnd for your Roguery if you were well ſeru'd.

Ger.

Ger. I am bum'd well ynough allready Miſtreſſe, look here elſe; ſurreuerence in your worſhip, maiſter Doctors lips are not made of better ſtuffe.

Mi. Gli. What an impudent Rogue is this: ſirra be gone I ſay, I would be rid o'you?

Ger. Be rid o'me? I ſhal gallop then: you miſtake me forſooth I am a footpoſt, I do not vſe to ride.

Mi. Gl. I think the Raſcal be humorus or drunk: wel I wil read the letter and ſend him packing, or elſe hee will ſpew or do worſe before me: fy on him, I think hee will infect me with ſome filthy diſeaſe.

Ger. Or elſe I looſe mine ayme.

Mi. Gli. What's heere? our poore nurſe *Thomaſine Sweedleſſe* for my life now ſhall I find out my husbands knauery, I haue ſo long ſuſpected.

Ger. She begins to nibble, t'will take yfaith ——— miſtreſſe
I ſee ſome diſcontentment in your looks,
Care ill befittes ſo delicate a ſpirit.
Be frolick wench for hee that is ſo neere thee
has been much neerer?

Mar. That Accent ſounds ſweet muſick, tis my loue.
That tong breaths life into my liueles ſpirits
Gerardine! ô rapture, why thus diſguiz'd!

Ger. No more, be mute; thus muſt I vary formes
To bring our Cares to end her Iealouſy,
Enſues this Dryſt, which if it take true ſcope,
Loues ioy comes next be feareleſſe in that hope:

Mi. Gli. T is ſo: Ratsbane: I hare, it rack's on it torments me heere tis, ——— *Woe worth the time that euer I gaue ſucke to a Child that came in at the window god knows how* villanous Leacher, *Yet if you did but ſee, how like the little red headed knaue is to his Father dammable Doctor*: A Baſtard in the Countrey, and an other towardes here I am out of doubt, this is his worke. You are an Arrant Strumpet, Inceſt, fornication, abomination in my owne houſe, intollerable; O for long nailes to ſcratch out his Eyes.

Ger, Or the breeches to fight with him.

Mi. Gl,

Mi.Gli. Out of my ſight queane, thou ſhalt to Bridewell ——O, I ſhall be mad with rage.

Ger. Then you ſhall goe to Bedlam.

Mi.Gli. Hence you *Slaue*,

Ger. I muſt haue a penny, you muſt pay me for my paines.

Mi.Gli. The Diuell pay thee.

Ger. O thats the Doctor, but he wants his hornes.

Mi.Gli. But ile furniſh him ere long if I liue.

Ger. It works as I would wiſh, farewell *Maria*,
This ſtorme once paſt, faire weather euer after. *Exeunt.*

Mi.Gli. VVas euer woman ſo mou'd? but you ſhall be tald't withall, and for mine ouldc fornicator, he ſhall ha't as hot as coales yfaith: heers ſtuffe indeed! Come mynkes come, ther's Law for you both, haue I found your knauery: if I winke at this, let me be ſtone blind, or ſton'd to death, beare this and beare all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lypſalue and Gudgin.

Lip. Our hopes are croſt, ſure thers ſome prouidence
VVhich countermaunds libidinous appetites,
For what we moſt intend, is countercheckt
By ſtrange and vnexpected accidents:
For by diſguiſe procuring full acceſſe,
Nay ready to haue feard the expected prize
The candle out, ſteps twixt my hopes and me
Some pleaſant Groine, poſſeſt and full inioyd
That ſweet, for which our vigilãt eies haue watcht
And in one moment fruſtrates all our hopes.

Gudgin. Vppon my life we are bewitcht, the greaſie Raſcall, that firſt ſeazed Miſtriſſe *Purge* (by the laſt reflection of the light) appeared to my ſight not much vnlike her huſband.

Lipſalue. The Courtes gall, the Citties plague, and *Europaes* Sea forme be his perpetuall Creſt, what ere a was. To looſe Miſtriſſe *Purge* for lacke of dexterity, is a diſgrace inſalueable. The like oportunity will neuer preſent it ſelfe.

Gud.

Gudg. I was an egregious greese, I must confesse to see a knaue slip betwixt vs both, and take occasion by the foretop, but since these proiects haue had so ſtar crosse euents, lets lay some plot how to reuenge our late disgrace on the *Doctor*, by making him Cuckold.

Enter Purge.

Lipſalue. Agreed, but what melancholie sir with a crostick armes now comes from the Family?

Gug. Purge the potecarie, I prethee lets step aside and heare the issue of this discontent.

Purge. O the miserie of married mens estate!

Lip. A begins very pittifully.

Pur. O women what are many of you?

Lipſalue. VVhy disease to batchelers, and plagues to maried men.

Pur. O marriage, the rage of all our miseries, my wife is a dessembling strumpet.

Gudgeon. So is manie a mans besides yours, and what of that?

Purge. I would haue a law that all such which pray little should instantly be married, for then would they pray continually if it were but to be rid of their wiues.

Lip. This is a charitable request and surely would passe the lower House.

Purge. Surely if affliction can bring a man to heauen I cannot see how any married man can bee damn'd, I haue made my selfe a plaine Cuckold.

A pile on yee, want you had you not been soe manable, here are some would haue saued you that labor.

Purge. VVhat shall I doe in this extremity, had I but witnesse of the fact, I woulde make her answere it before authority, This is my wedding Ringe; Tis hit I knowe it by the poly This I tooke from her finger

in the darke, and she was therewith very well pleased, were not this tro, a sufficient testimony? She knowes not that it was my selfe got so neare her, I will take councell; well, little know Batchelers the miseries they vndergo, when they prostrate themselues to women.

Lip. O most true Master *Purge*, little knows a man what Elements a is to passe, when a puts his head vnder a womans girdle: your passion Master *Purge* is ouer heard, and (plaine tale to tell) we were eye witnesses of your wiues trechery, and if need be will be ready to depose as much.

Purge. What master *Lipsalue* and master *Guggin* are you disguised testimonies, nay then Reuenge looke big?

Elphe and Phayrie
Helpe to reuenge the wronged Poticary?

Gud. Why now a speakes like himselfe, get me a Parritor for her straite?

Lip. Conceale the Ring, my little *Purge*, let not thy wife know thou hast it, vntill she comes to her triall.

Enter Drisat and Gerardine.

Pur. Your aduices are very pithy, therefore in priuate let me disclose my intent.

Gud. Off boyes, *Shrimpe* what dost thou thinke of thy Master, is a not a rare gull?

Per. I thinke a will swallow, and pocket more disgraces then large cousenst Lawyer Fees in a Michaelmasse Terme. Thy master my honest *Periwinsle* comes not much shorte of a foole to, but that a is a Courtier.

Shrim. Draw somewhat neere, and ouer-heare their confe-rence?

Ger. This shape of the Crier, must *Club* to morrow assume: Are you fitted for Popin the Proctor?

Dri. Excellent! and haue spent some study in the mysticall cases of Venery: I can describe how often a man may lye with another mans wife, before a come to the white sheete.

Ger. How long is that?

Dri.

Dry. Why till a be taken tardy.

How long all women kind may by the ſtatute profeſſe and ſweare they are maides.

Ger. And how long is that?

Dryſa. Why till their bellies bee ſo bigge that it cannot bee no longer conceal'd, but come forward towardes *Gliſters.*

Lip. It muſt be ſo: let the ſumner tickle her, you ſhall bring in theſe allegations and let vs alone to ſweare them; who's this Mayſter *Dryfat?* Oportunely met ſir, and whyther ſo faſt? The newes, the newes?

Dry. Faith Gentlemen, *I* think to relate for newes what I heere of Doctor *Gliſter* woulde come ſtale to your hearings.

Lip. O the getting of his neece with child, tut thats apparantly known to all the companie, but in the name of Jupiter what art thou? or from whence camſt thou?

Ger. VVhy ſir? I come from compaſſing the corners of the Land.

Gug. Of what trade in the name of Pluto?

Ger. Of the deuils trade, for I liue as hee does, by the ſinnes of the people, In breefe ſir, I am Placket the Parritor.

Lip. As the diuell would, we haue (my noble Parrtor) inſtant imployment for thee; A grey groat is to be purchaſed without ſneaking my little Süner, wher's thy *Quorum nomina* my honeſt Placket?

Gerard. Sir, according to the old Ballad: my *quorum nomina ready haue I, with my pen and inke horne hanging by:* her name ſir, her name?

Gug. Jſt no more but ſo?

Purg. I haue moſt right to her name, her name maiſter Placket is my wife, Miſtreſſe *Purge* Sir: To what place doſt thou belong?

Ger. To the Commiſſioners, which ſit to morrow at maiſter *Dryfats* vpon the crymes of Doctor *Gliſter* and others.

Lip ſalue. Sits there a commiſſion *Dryfat?* Now for the loue of

lechery, lets haue mistresse *Purge* summon'd, thether?

Ger. Shee makes my *Quorum nomina* reasonable full my graunt Sir and shee shall appeare there vpon a crime of concupiscence, Is not that your meaning?

Pu. Yes my honest paritor, heers thy Fee.

Enter Club and Mistris Purge.

Gug. And see howe happily it succeeds, mistresse *Purge* is new come from the Familie, let vs step aside whilst Placket the paratour, giues her a Summons?

Lipsalue. Content. Too her Placket But see for the briberie of twelue pence you strike her not out of your *Quorum nomina.*

Ger. Feare not sir.

Ms. Pur. Forward apace Club.

Ger. Your name I take to bee mistresse *Purge* fayre gentlewoman.

M. Pu. I am mistresse *Purge*, Purges wife the poticarie: what of that?

Dry. Now you shal see him tickle her with a *Quorum nomina*

Ger. I cite you by vertue of my *Quorum nomina* to make your personall appearance by eight of the clock in the morrowe morning, before certaine commissioners at master Dryfats howse to answer to an accusation of a crime of concupisence?

M. Pur. To answere a crime of concupiscence, whats that I pray?

Gera. Why tis to answere a veneriall Crime, for hauing carnall copulation with others besides your husband.

Mi. Pu. What are you I pray?

Gera. By name Placket, By trade a parator?

Mis. Pu. And must I answere say you, to a veneriall Crime? I tell thee placket the paritor, I am able to answere thee, or any man elfe in any veneriall crime theyle put mee to. And so tell your Commissioners?

Gera. If you fayle your appearance, the penaltie must fall heauy.

Mistr.

Mi. vu. If it fall neuer so heauy, I am able to beare it and so set forward Club.

Exeunt Club and Mistris Purge.

Lips. Excellent ysaith after your wife *Purge*: Reade Placket thy *quorum nomina* my noble groat monger.

Ger. Silence, the first that marcheth in this sayre rancke is; *Thum* the feltmaker, for getting his mayd with child and sending his prentice to Bridewell for the fact, whyp the Bedel, for letting a punck escape for a nightes lodging, and bribe of ten groates, *Batt* the belman, for lying with a wench in a Taylers stall at midnight when a shoulde bee performing his office.

Gud. And *Tipple* the Tapster for deflouring a virgin in his seller. Doctor *Glister*, his wife, *Maria*: mistresse *Purge* These bee the compleate nomber.

Lipsa. Now dissolue and each to his occasion, till to morrow morning.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Actus quintus Scena Prima.

Doctor Glister and Mistres Glister.

Mi. Gl. THis was your colour to keepe her close, but what Cloake ha' you for her and your owne shame? VVhat your owne neece, your brothers daughter besides your bastard in the countrie?

Doct. Wife range not too farre *I* would aduise you? Come home in time? vex me not beyond sufferance; The two edg'd sword of thy tong, hath drawne bloud o'my? patience, I say thou art all this while in an error.

Mi. Gli. No, thou hast been all this while in an Vrinall, thou hast gone out of thy compasse in womens waters, *I* are a coniurer (forsooth) and can rouse your *Spirits* into Circles, a you old Fornicator that euer I saw that read beard of thine, nowe could *I* raile against thy complexion, I think in my conscience the Trases & Caparison of *Venus* coach, are made o'red hayres

 which

which may be a true Embleme, that no flaxen fluff, or tan'd white-leather drawes loue like 'hem; J thinke thou manurd'st thy Chin with the droppings of Egs and Muskadine, before it brisled: a shame take thee and thy Loadstone: but tis no matter, Master *Plackes* the Parritor has cyted you, and you shall answer it.

Doct. O the raging iealoufie of a woman! do you heare wife I will shew my selfe a man of sense, and answer you with silence, or like a man of wisedome, speake in briefe: I say you are a scowld, and beware the Cucking stoole?

Mist. Glist. I say you are a nynnyhammer, and beware the Cuckoe; for as sure as J haue ware, ile traffique with the next Marchant venturer, and in good time here comes gallants of the right trade.

Enter Lipsalue and Gudgin.

Lip. All alone mistrisse *Glister*? meditating who shalbe your next childs Father.

Gud. Indeed me thinks that should be one end of her thought an't be but to crie quittance with her husband, of whose abuse the Towne rings.

Doct. Flax and fire, flax and fire, here are fellowes come in the nick, to light their matches at my tynder.

Lipsalue. He tells you true mistrisse *Glister*, the Doctor hath made you ordinary in our Ordinaries, Satyres whet their tooths, and steep rods in pisse, Epigrams lye in Poetries pickle and we shall haue ryme out of all reason against you.

Gudgin. Ere long hee will take vp his station at a Stationers, where wee shall see him doe pennaunce in a Sheete at least.

Mi. Gli. O I am netled, my patience is so prouoak't, that I must doffe my modesty: what shall I do? if yee be honest gentlemen, counsell me in my reuenge, teach me what to do, make my Case your own.

Lip. VVhy you are in the common roade of reuenge, take which hand you will, you cannot goe out o' your waye; tis as soone taken, as Tyme by his forepart.

Gud.

Gud. Faith since he has strooke with the sword, strike you with the Scabbard: in plaine termes Cuckold him: you may as easilie do't, as lye downe o' your bed.

Doct. This geare cottens yfaith.

Mi. Gli. I apprehend you gentlemen: Lord how much better are two heads then one, to make one large head.

Lip. You say true mistrisse *Glister*, there's help requird in grafting, and how happily we come to tender our seruice: let our pretence be to take physicke of the Doctor: and that he may with as much ease minister to vs, as we to you, wee'l take a lodging in his house.

Gud. How say you to this, is the colour good? doth like you?

Mist. Glist. Passing well: the colour is so good, that you shall weare my fauour out o' the same peece.

Lip. Excellent, excellent, now shall we be reuengd for the whipping: mistrisse *Glister* let me be your first man?

Gud Nay soft sir: I ply'd her as soone as you.

Doct. I should haue an oare in her boate too by right? *spoke by.*

Lip. How will aduisd were you to marry one with a red beard?

Mi. Gli. O master *Lipsalue*, I am not the first that has saine vnder that ensigne: there's no complexion more sanctified in this time for weomen, then gold and red beards: such men are all liuer.

Gud. I, but small hart, and lesse honesty.

Lip. Yes, they are honest too (in some kind) for they'le beg before they'l steale.

Gud. That's true, for, for one that holds vp his hand at the Sessions, you shall haue ten come into the baudy Court.

Doct. Was euer Beard so backbitten: this were ynough to make redbeards turne medley: and dash them cleane out of countenance: but I hope like mine they feare no colours: and you were ten Courtiers i'le front you: I must giue you physick with a pox: well, if I pepper ye not, call me Doctor Doddipoll: Master *Lipsalue* and master *Gudgin* you are hartily welcome, I am very glad to see you well.

Lip.

Lip. O master Doctor, your saluation is very suspitious?

Doct. Why master *Lipsalue*?

Lip. It can scarce be hasty, for physitians are rather glad to see men ill, then well.

Doct. Not so sir, you must distinguish of men: though this I know, vertue is not the end of all science, which commonly keeps the professor poore, some study quæstuary and gainfull Arts, and euery one would thriue in's calling, but yfaith gentlemen, what wind driues you hither?

Gud. The wind Collect master Doctor, or some such disease

Doct. But not the Stone Collect?

Lip. O ho sir, we haue no obstructions in those parts, we are loose ynough there.

Doct. If you were troubled with that, my wife can tell you of an excellent remedy.

Gud. We need it not, we need it not: but indeed master Doctor, for some priuate infirmities (which our waters shal make knowne to you) we desire to take some physick of you for a few daies: and to that end we would take a lodging in your house during the time?

Lip. Shall we intreate your fauour?

Doct. No entreary gentlemen, you shall command me to search the very profundity of my skill for you. Haue them in wife, and show them their lodging? I will thinke vpon an other receipt, and follow you immediatly.

Gud. And yfaith we shall require your paines to the full.

Exeunt Lipsalue, Gudgin, Mistresse Glister.

Doct. To the foole you meane: I know you ha the horne of plenty for me, which you would deriue vnto me, from the liberality of your bawdies, not your minds; there are *Lordes*, that hauing tearm'd the *O. P. Q.* of Courtship, trauell vp and down among Citizens wiues to shew their learning, and bringing vppe: as if the City were not already a good proficient in the Court Hornebooke: yes I warrant they haue heads as capable as other men; I and some of them can wisely say with the

the philoſopher, that in knowing all they know nothing. VVell, becauſe *I* am of the Liuery, and pay Scot and Lot amongſt you, doe but obſerue how ile fetch ouer my gallants for your ſakes; they ſay *I* am of the right hayre, and indeed they may ſtand too't, and hould the poſition good; ſauing with my wife: ſoft, are they not at *pro* and *contra* already? *I* knowe they are hote ſpurres, and *I* muſt haue an eye to the maine. They haue bin whipt already for lechery, and yet the pride of the fleſh pricks 'hem; well *I* muſt in, *I* haue giuen them ſuch a Pill ſhall take 'hem downe, for luſt muſt haue his fill.

Exit.

Enter Maria aboue.

Ma. Now natures penſill, and the hand of time,
Giues life and lym, to generations Act;
My ſhame and guilt in wordles notes appeare
The argument of ſcorne, O now J ſtand
The Theame and coment to each liberall tongue,
Whilſt hope breeds comfort, and feare threats my wrong.
O *Gerardine* how oft thy liuely figure
(Deadly impreſſed in my yeelding temper)
Aſſures me thou art mine: how fancy paynts
Thy true proportion in my troubled ſleepe,
Becauſe ſole ſubiect of my dayly thoughts;
O if thy vowes proue fayn'd, and thou vniuſt,
I ſay and ſweare, in men there is no truſt.

Enter Gerardine.

Ger. Thus haue J paſt the Round and Court of Guard,
Without the word: either conceipt is ſtrong,
Or elſe the Body where true lou's confin'd,
VValkes as a Spirit, and doth force his way
Through greateſt dangers frightfull to thoſe eies,
That wayt to entercept him: *Maria!*
How like to *Cynthia* in her ſiluer Orbe
She ſeems to me, attended by loues Lampe
VVhoſe mutuall Influence, and ſoules ſympathy

Doth shew, heauens modell in mortality.

Ma. Gerardine?

Aurora now the blushing Sons aproache,
D'are not more comfort to this Vniuerse
Then thou to me most acceptably come,
The Art of number cannot count the howres
Thou hast bin absent.

Ger. Infinity of Loue
Holds no proportion with Arithmetick,
Thinke not *Maria* but my hart retaynes
A deepe impression of such thoughts as these:
I haue bin forging of a myrthfull Plot,
To celebrate our wisht Coniunction;
Which now digested, come to summon thee
To be an Actresse in the Comedy.

Ma. How, where, whē, speake? myne eares are quick to heare,
I stand on thornes already to be there.

Ger. At *Dryfats* house the Marchant, ther's our Scene,
Whose sequell (if I fail not in intent,)
Shall answer our desires, and each content: But when saw'st
thou *Lipsalue* and *Gudgin* our two gallants?

Ma. They are heere in the house: so handled by myne vncle,
that they are the pittifullest patients that euer you beheld.

Ger. No matter, he serues them in their kind, they were infamous in the Court & now are grown as notorious in the City: they may happily proue particles in our sport, & fit subiects for laughter: Tyme calls me hence, adieu, prepare to meet.

Ma. I shall outstrip the nimblest in my feet.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Scena vltima.

Enter Dryfat and Club.

Dry. Come *Club* come, thers a merry Fray towards, we shall see the death of melancholy, wherein thou and I must call a grand Iury of iests together, and passe vpon them with the Club Law.

Club.

Club. Now as I am O. the Crier, & yet but a yong Club, I haue not yet practizd that Law, you haue a whole dryfat on't, I pray you instruct me?

Dry. Why tis a Law inacted (by the common counsell of Statute Caps) to qualify the rage of the Time, to follow, to call back, and sometimes to encounter gentlemen when they run in arrerages, I tell thee thers no auerment against our Booke Cases: Tis the Law call'd make peace, it makes them euen, when they are at ods, it shews 'hem a flat case, as plaine as a packstaffe, that is, knocks 'hem downe without circumstance.

Club. I marry I like that law well, tis studyed with the turning of a hand: ther's no quiddits, nor pedlers French in't, there needs no book for th'exposition o'th tearmes; tis as easily learned as the felling of wood, and getting of Children, all is but laying on loade the downe right blow.

Dry. I and by the way of exhortation it prints this morall Sentence on their Costards, in Capitall Letters *Agree? for the Law is costly.*

Club. Good good; but al this while ther's no Doctor thought on, we must haue one to arbitrate;

Dry. VVhy (maister *Gerardine*) man, has his name for the purpose, he shall be call'd Doctor *Stickler*, *Lupus est in Fabula*, heere hee comes.

Enter Gerardine.

Ger. How now lads do's our Conceit cotten, ha you summond your wits from woolgathering? Are you frought with matter for this merryment?

Dry. Full full, wee are in labor man, and we shall die without midwiferie.

Club. We are rauisht with delight like the wench that was got with child against her stomach ——— O but if we could wrest this smock law (now in hand) to our Club law, it were excellent.

Dry. Easily, easily, all shall be called the Club law.

Ger. As how?

Dry. VVhy thus: Club is the Crier, *I* am Exigent the Proctor and you Stickler the Doctor, he calls them to appeare, *I* must be of their counsel, & you must attone them put hem together we may know their cases, and be in their Elements (mark you me) but they cannot be in ours. Tut, none knowes our secrets, we can speak fustian aboue their vnderstãding, & make Asses eares attentiue, *I*le play *Ambodexter* tell'hem tis a playn Case and put 'hem downe with the club law; so [illegible] (as *Club* saide well ee'now) our knauery is as neere allied, as felling of wood and getting of children.

Gera. Excellent excellent, by this they are at hand; lets bear these things like our selues; *I*le withdraw and put on my habiliments and then enter for the Doctor. *Exit.*

Enter Doctor Glister and Purge.

Dry. Do so, they come, they come? welcome Master Doctor Glister and maister Purge, ther's a commission to be sat vpon this day, to open a passage for imprisoned trueth, concerning Acts yet in *tenebris.*

Do. *Gl.* True; I am brought hither by the malice of my wife

Pur. And *I* haue a iust Appeal against my wife.

D. Gli. Maister *Exigent* (so I think you are call'd) I vnderstand you haue the Law at your fingers ends.

Dri. I can box Cases, and scould & scratch it out amõgst them

Do. Glist. Indeed fame reports you to be a good Trumpeter of causes, *I* must retaine you sir to sound mine?

Dry fat. My Sagbut shall do it most pathetically; tell me in briefe the nature of your Case.?

Doc. Faith sir, a scandalous Letter deuisd to wrong my reputation, about a Bastard in the Country which should be mine.

Dri. About a Bastard in the Country which should be yours? hum; tis very like you then, it should seeme.

Doct. O no sir, vnderstand me, only father'd vpon me.

Dri. Only father'd vpon you, *cum nemini obtrudi potest*; *I* vnderstand you and like you wel to, you do not flatter your selfe in your own Case, no: tis not good, wel what more?

Do. And about my Neece got with child, in my own house.

Dri. Byrlady burthens of some weight, which you make light of——— you deny?

Doct. What elſe ſir, *I* haue reaſon.

Dry. *I* know it well, *I* take you for no beaſt: beleue me (maſter Doctor) denyall and reaſon are two maine grounds, ſtand vpon them and you cannot erre. Your caſe maſter *Purge*?

Purg Firſt take your fee maſter *Exigent*, that you may haue the more feeling, and vrge it home when you come toot, mine is a diſcouery of my wyues Iniquity at the Family of loue.

Dri. Otherwiſe call'd the houſe of Venery, where they hunger and thurſt for't.

Pur. True ſir, you haue heard of the hole in the wall, where they aſſemble together in the day time, like ſo many Bees vnder a hyue.

Dry. Come home *Cruta Thimo plena*, and lodge among hornets, is't not ſo?

Pur. J cannot tell ſir, but for my part, I am much noted as I go

Dry. No doubt of that ſir, your wife can furniſh you with notes out of her Cotations.

Club. I and giue him a two tag'd point to tie 'hem together.

Dry. But how came you to detect her?

Pu. Why thus ſir: getting the word, I doged her to the Family where cloſing with her I whiſpered ſo pleaſing a tale in her ear, that J got from her her wedding Ring, & heer tis.

Dri. Well, out of that ring we wil wring matter that ſhal carry meat ith mouth. But what witneſſe or proofe can you produce to make good your wiues iniquity, and your own Cuccoldry

Pur. Maſter *Lipſalue*, and Maiſter *Gudgin*, who were her cõpanions at that ſame time,

Dry. Very good a, re they cited in the *quorum nomina*?

Club. they will be heere ſir.

D. Gli. If they be they will beray all.

Dry. So much the better twill ſauor well for Maſter *Purge*.

Pu. You vnderſtand my caſe now? *D. Gl.* And mine too ſir?

Dri. I do J do, they are as different as a Doctor & a Dunce, a man and a beaſt, heers the Compẽdium; yours maſter Doctor ſtands vpon the negatiue, & yours maſter *Purge* vpon the affirmatiue *Pauca ſapienti*, J ha't, J ha't.

Pur. Myne is very currant ſir, J can ſhew you good gilt.

Dry. I marry, there spoke an Angell, guilt's currant indeed, let me feel't, let me feelt.

Pur. I meane my wiues guilt.

Doct. Master Poppin, you shall haue Innocence to speak for (me?

Dry. Tut, Innocence is a foole, I care not for's company, I can speake ynough without him.

Doct. Then J hope you will be as good to vs, as the fiue-finger at Maw.

Dry. No rather as *Hercules*, to lip labor 'hem with the Club Law, tut let me alone.

Enter Mistrisse Glister, Mistrisse Purge, and Maria.

Mi. Glist. O are you here sir, I haue brought you a full barne to glut your greedy appetite if you haue any maw, feede here till you choak againe: Now shall J see the whole Carkas of your knauery ript vp, if thou hast any grace, now will thy red beard turne white vpon't.

Mi. Pur. O how haue I been tost from post to piller,
Jn this libidinous world: the yoake I beare
Is so vneu'n, as if an Innocent Lamb
And a mad hare-braind Oxe should draw together:
But I must haue patience ther's no remedy.

Dri. Thers some difference between these two tempers.

Doct. J would giue a hundred pounds my wife had so gentle a spirit.

Pur. My wife must needs be gentle, for she can beare double.

Enter Gerardine.

Dri. Here comes master Doctour, now rig vp your vessells, euery one to his Tackling.

Ger. Good day to all at once, and peace amongst you: fy how I sweate, J think *Vulcan* nere toyld so at his Anuill, as J haue done, and all to make maydes water to slake *Cupids* fire, and to turn his shafts from the fetherbed to the bed post, from the hart to the heele: Come master *Poppin* shall we to this geare?

Dri. Reuerend Doctor we haue staid your comming: Cryer cry silence? *He cries.*

Master Doctor: I haue heard in generall termes, the tales

Tales of master Doctor *Glister*, and master *Purge*, which haue in mutuall manner iumped into the Quagmyre of my minde, out of which quagmyre (by your enforcement, and mine own duty) I plucke them vp by the eares, and thus in naked apparance I present them.

Ger. *Adrem, adrē* master Poppin: leaue your allegories, your metaphors, and Circumlocutions, and to the point?

Dry. Then briefly thus: I haue compared their tales, how short they will come of their wiues I know not: and first for mistrisse *Purge*, Cryer call mistrisse *Purge*?

Club. *Rebecca Purge*, wife to *Peter Purge* pothicary, appear vpon thy purgation, vpon paine of excommunication.

Mi. Pur. Here I am. O times impiety!
Hither I come from out the harmlesse fold,
To haue my good name eaten vp by wolues?
See how they grin? well, the weake must to the wall,
I must beare wrong, but shame shall them befall.

Ger. VVho is her accuser?

Dry. Her own husband vpon the late discouery of a Crewe of narrow Rusty straite lac't, yet loose body'd Dames, with a Route of *Omnium gatherum*, assembled by the title of the family of loue; which master Doctor if they be not punisht and suppresst by our Club Law, each mans coppy hold, will become free hold, specialties will turne to generalities and so from vnity to parity, from parity to plurality, & from plurality to vniuersalitie, their wiues, the onely ornaments of their houses and of all their wares, goods and Chattell, the chiefe moueables wil be made common.

Pur. Most Voluble and eloquent proctor.

Ger. By ladie these Enormities must and shall bee redrest, otherwise I see their Charter will bee infringd, and their auncient Staffe of gouernment the Club (from whence wee deriue our law of Castigation) this club I say (they seeming nothing lesse then men by their forepart) will be turnd vpon their owne heads. Speake *Rebecca Purge* art thou one of this family? hast thou euer knowne the body of any man there, or elsewhere Concupiscentically?

Mi. Pur.

Mi.P. No M. Doctor, those are but deuises of the wicked to trap the Innocēt, but I thank my spirit I haue feare before my eyes, which my husband sees not, because something hangs in's light.

Pur. That's my hornes: she flowts me to my face, and I will not endure it: I shall carry her mark to my graue: master Doctor she has giuen me that, that *Esculapius* (were he now extāt) could not heale, nor Edax *rerum* take away?

Ge. Produce your witnesse M. *Purge*, and blow not your owne horne?

Purge. Master *Lipsalue* and master *Gudgin*, let them be call'd.

Cl. Laurence Lipsalue & Gregory Gudgen late of *hic & vbiq;* in the County of *nusquam* Gentlemen, come into the Court, and giue your euidence, vppon payne of that which shall ensue.

Enter Lipsalue and Gudgin.

Doctor. Heere they come, in payne I warrant them; how workes your physicke Gallantes? doe you goe well to the ground? now Cuckold the *Doctor*? wife who's your first man now, now strike with the scabbard: ha, ha, ha.

Gud. A villanous *Doctor.*

Lip. Mountybank y'are a rascall, and wee will cast about to be reueng'd.

Dri. Cast about this way, and beray what you can concerning Mistrisse *Purge*, who stands heere vpon her purgation, either to prooue mundified or contaminated, according to the tenor peece of your principall Euidence, first giue 'tem the Booke?

Club. Come, lay your hands vpon the Booke: you shall speake and auerre no more, nor wade no farther into the Creame pots of this womans cryme, then the naked trueth, and the cart-rope of your conscience shall conduct you, so helpe you the contents: kisse the booke.

Lips. Alasse, we are not in case to answer largely, but if you will haue our euidence in briefe, I thinke I kist her at the Fa-

mslie

mily some three times; once at comming, once at going, and once in the middest, otherwise neuer knewe her dishonestlie.

Pur. I, marke that middle kisse master Doctor?

Gud. And for my part I haue bin more mortified by her, then euer I was prouokt.

Ger. How say you to this master *Purge*, your witnesse is weake, and surreuerence on, without sounder proofe, they may depart to the close stoole whence they came, and you to your Pothicaries shop.

Pur. No master Doctor, I haue an other boult to shoot, that shall strike her dead, she shall not haue a word to say.

Dry. Answer me to this Mistrisse *Purge*, wher's your wedding Ring?

Mi. Pur. My wedding Ring? why what should I doe with vnnecessary things about me, when the poore begs at my gate readie to starue; is it not better (as I learned last Lecture) to send my substance before me, where I may find it, then to leaue it behind me, where I must forgoe it? yes verily; wherefore (to put you out of doubt) I haue giuen that Ring to charitable vses?

Dry. Nay now she falters: my Clyent can shew that Ring, got from her at the Family, when these two Courtling had at the same time beleaguerd her Fort.

Ger. This alters the Case cleane, what starting hole ha you now mistrisse *Purge*?

Mi. Purge. Eene the Sanctuarie of a safe conscience: now truelie, truelie, (how euer he came by that Ring) by my Sisterhood I gaue it to the reliefe of the distressed *Genoua*.

Purge. How! to the reliefe of the distressed *Genoua*? Justice master doctor: I may now decline *victus victa victum*, one word more shall ouerthrow her: I my selfe was a Familist that day, who more Iealous then zealous in deuotion, thrust in amongst the rest (as I had most right) on purpose to sound her, to finde out the knauerie: short tale to make, I gotte her Ring, and heere it is? let her denye it if she can; and

what more I discouer'd, *non est nunc narrandi locus*.

Mi.Pur. Husband, I see you are hudwynck't in the right vse of feeling and knowledge, as if J knew you not then, as wel as the Child knowes his owne father, looke in the posye of my Ringe, does it not tell you that we two are one flesh? and hath not fellow feeling taught ye to know one another as wel by night as by day? husband husband, will you do as the blind Iade, breake your neck downe a hill because you see it not? ha you no light of nature in that flesh of yours? Now (as true as I liue maister Doctor I had a secret operation, and J knew him then to be my husband eene by very instinct.

Purge. Impudence dost not blush? art not asham'd to lie so abhominable.

Mi.pur. No husband, rather be you ashamed of your owne weaknesse, for for my part J neither feare nor shame what man can doe vnto me.

Ger. Master *Purge* I see you haue spent your pith; therefore best make a full point at the ring, and attend our pleasure, maister Exigent proceed to the rest?

Dr. Crier, call Doctor *Glister*?

Club. Doctor *Glister, alias suppositar* doctor of physicke, appeare vpon thy purgation, vpon the bellie paine that may ensue therein.

Doct. Here master Doctor.

Ger. VVho is his accuser?

Dr. His clamorous wife, who seems to enforce a separation about a Bastard in the Countrie, which should be his, only father'd vpon him.

Ger. VVhat proofe of that?

Mist.Gli. Proofe vnaunswerable master Doctor, the Nurses Letter: let it be red, but first obserue his countenance? it may be his blushing will bewray his guilt.

Ger. Now by this light, I thought it had indeed, but I see tis but the reflexion of his beard. J Reade the Letter *Master* Exigent?

Club. After my harty commendations remembred vnto

your

your worshipfull doctorship, trusting in god that you are as well as I was at the making hereof thanks be to him: therefore, The cause of my writing vnto you at this time is, to let you vnderstand that your litle sonne is turned a ragged colt, a verie stripling, for beeing now stript of all his cloathing, his backside wants a tayle-peece commendes it selfe to your fatherly Consideratiō. Wo worth the time that euer I gaue suck to a child that came in at the window, god knowes how. Yet if you did but see how like the peart little read headed knaue is, to his Father: and how like a Cock sparrow he mouses and touses my little Besse already, you would take him for your owne, and pay me my hier, I write not of the want of one thing for I want all things, wherfore take some speedy order or else as naked as he came from the mother will I send him to the father. From Pis. the xxii of ——

Your poore nurse *Thomasine Tweed es.*

Doctor: Maister doctor: Truth needes not the foyle of Rhetorick, I will onely in *Monosillaba* and swere for my selfe, (as sometimes a wise man did) such and such things are laide to my charge, which J deny, you may thinke of mee what you please, but I am as innocent in this, as the child new borne.

Ger. VVhy thers partly a confession: the child wee know is innocent and not new borne neyther: for it should seeme by the letter he is able to call his dad, knaue.

Doct. You take me wrong master Proctor?

Dry. Vnder correction thus much can I say for my clients Justification; Indeed hee hath trauel'd well in the beating of pulses, and hath been much conuersant in womens *Iordanes*, but he had euer a care to raise his patient, beeing before cast downe: his charitable disposition hath beene such to poore folke, that he neuer tooke aboue foure pence for the casting of a water, which good custome was so well knowne among all his patients, that if sixpence were at any time offered him they might be bold to aske and haue two pence againe. Hee hath been so skilfull and painfull withall, in the eure of the greene sicknes, that of my knowledge) hee hath risen at all

 houres

houres in the night to pleasant maides that haue had it. And for that foule mouth'd disease tearm'd by a fine phrase —— a pox on't what dee cal't? (the *Grincomes*, at that he hath plaid his doctors prize, and writes *Nil vltra to all Bountibackes*. So that the wise woman in Pissing alley, nor she in Do-little lane are more famous for good deeds than he. Then maister Doctor, out of these presumptions, besides his flatte denyall (a mure infallible ground) you may gather his innocence, and let him haue his purgation.

Gerardine. No Maister *Exigent* it is not so to be foy sted off.

Mi. Gl. Nay mayster Doctor what saye you to his own Neece that looks big vpon him, an arrow that sticks for the vpshot against al commers, which by his restraint of her, from master *Gerardine* an honest Gentleman that lou'd her, and vpon that Colour from the sight and enter-course of other men, must by all presumptions be his owne Act.

Gerar. O monstrous! this is a foule Blot in your Tables indeede.

Doct. VVise thou hast no shame nor womanhood in thee, thy conscience knowes mee.

Mi. Gli. True of thy flesh who knowes not that? thy beard speakes for thee: I, I, thou liest by me like a Stone, but abroade th'art like a stone horse you old Timelifter.

Dri. Cease your clamour, and attend my speach; most Worshipfull, reuerend and iudiciall *Doctor*, for the quickning of your memory I will giue you a Breuiat of all that hath beene spoken: *Master Doctor Glister* hath a cradlefull and a bellie full (you see) thrust vpon him, and master *Purge* a head foole. Your wife is an angry honilesse waspe, whose sting I hope you need not feare? and yours carries honny in her mouth, but her sting makes your forehead swell: your wife makes you dease with the shrill treble of her tong, and yours makes you horne mad with the tenor of her Taile. In fine, mayster *Doctors* refuge is his conscience, and Master *Purge* runnes at his wiues Ring.

Sir Summa totalis, a good Audit, ha you made master Exigent: now attend my Arbitrement: For you Gallants though you haue incurd the danger of the Law, by vsing counterfeit keyes, and putting your hands into the wrong pocket; yet because *I* see you punisht and purgd already, my aduise is, that you learne the A.B.C. of better manners, goe backe and tell how you haue beene vsd in the City, and being thus scour'd keepe your selues cleane, and the bedd vndefiled. For you master *Purge*, because *I* see your Euidence insufficient, and indeed too weake to foyle your wiues vprightnesse, and seeing Iealousy and vnkindnesse, hath onely made her a stranger in your land of *Ham*; my counsell is that you readuance your Standard, giue her new presse mony.

Purge. You may enioyne me sir but ——

Ger. Let not at me a man, I will inioyne you, and conioyne you, and briefly thus, you haue your Ring that has made this combustion and vproare, that keepe still, weare it, and here by my edict bee it proclaymed, to all that are iealous, to weare theyr wiues Ring still on their fingers, as best for their securitie, and the only charme against Cuckoldry.

Purge. Then wife at master Doctors enioyntment (so thou wilt promise me to come no more at the Familie) *I* receiue thee into the lists of my fauor.

Mist. Purge. True sir Husband my loue must be free still to Gods creatures, yet neuertheless, preseruing you still as the head of my bodie, *I* will doo as the Spirite shall inable me.

Ger. Go too thou hast a good wife, and there an end vpon you master Doctor, (beeing solicited by so apparant proofe) I can doe no lesse then pronounce a seuere sentence: and yet yfaith the reuerence of your calling and profession doth somewhat checke my austeritie, what if master *Gerardine* (by my perswasion) would yet be induced to take your Neece and father the child, would you launch with a thousand pound, besides her fathers portion?

Doll. Master Doctor I would, were it but to redeeme her
lost good name.

Ger. Then foreknowing what would happen, I thought good
in master *Gerardines* name, to haue this bond ready, which if
you seale to, he shall take her with all faults.

Doll. That will I instantly —— So, this is done, which to-
gether with my Neece doe I deliuer by these presents to the
vse of master *Gerardine*.

Ger. He thanks you hartily, and lets you know (*they discouer themselues*)
That Indian mines and *Tagus* glistering oare
To this bequest were vnto me but poore.

Doll, all. What! *Gerardine*, *Dryfat* and *Club*?

Dry. } The very same, your are welcome to our Club
Club. } Lawe!

Ger. Cease admiration here! what doubt remaynes
He satisfie at full, now ioyne with me,
For approbation of our Famylie.

EPILOGVS.

Gentles whose fauor haue or'spread this place,
And shed the reall influence of grace
On harmlesse myrth, we thanke you, for our hope
Attracts such vigor and vnmeasur'd scope
From the reflecting splendor of your eyes,
That grace profound, feare in oblision dies.
Your iudgement as it is the Touch and Tryer
Of good from bad, so from your harts comes fier,
That giues both ardor to the wit refin'd,
And sweetnesse th' Incense of each willing mind:
O may that fier nere dye, nor let your fauors
Depart from vs, giue countnance to their labors
Propos'd a Sacrifice, which may no lesse
Their strong desires, then our true zeales expresse.

FINIS.